THE VALLEY FARMER.

A Monthly Journal of Agriculture, Horticulture, Education, and Domestic Economy
Adapted to the wants of the people of the Mississippi Valley.

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THE
VALLEY FARMER

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE HARVEST.

During a journey of some 60 or 80 miles in the counties of St. Louis, St. Charles, and Lincoln, we have had an opportunity to acquaint ourself with the result of the wheat crop, and the prospect of the corn and other late crops. We found the wheat crop, though not quite so good as last season, yet considerably above an average, of an excellent quality. In most cases it has been well secured, and where threshed the grain looks remarkably fine. The extensive use of reaping machines in these counties has been the means of saving thousands of bushels of wheat in a good condition, which from the scarcity of hands in the time of harvest, would otherwise have been injured by delay; and we venture to say, that by use of the improved methods of threshing many thousands of bushels more will be saved.

The corn crop generally looks well. We saw some fields that equalled the best we ever saw, and hemp, tobacco, and flax, though neither of these are cultivated to very great extent, looked well. The meadows have yielded an abundant crop, and the farmers every where seemed well satisfied with their propects.

A letter from the Rock River country, says: "There is more than a common wheat crop, except on low prairies where it was washed out, the grain being of good quality. Notwithstanding the alarm and croaking there will be an average crop of corn, where there is any at all, but many armers will have none at all, as it has been entirely destroyed by water. It is however very late.

A letter from Randolph Co., Mo. says. "In consequence of the almost incessant rain in the early part of the season, and I might say the latter part also, corn looks badly—will not make anything like a crop. Wheat has done but little; tobacco is very much injured; though oats and grass are better than usual."

IOWA.—We rejoice to say, that from the present indications, the crop in this and the adjoining counties, promises a tolerable good yield, much better than was anticipated a few weeks since, provided the weather keeps dry, and as favorable as for a few days past. If, however, much rain should fall, the wheat crop will be almost an entire failure. It looks fine now. There will be about two thirds of a corn crop.—*Muscatine Journal.*

INDIANA.—The wheat crop in this vicinity is nearly all harvested. The yield is very large—better than it has been for several years past. Corn, oats and hay promise most abundant crops,—*Vincennes Gaz.*

OHIO.—The signs of an abundant harvest in this section of Ohio were never more cheering than at this time. The hay crop must be very large. Wheat looks remarkable well, and will doubtless afford a large crop. Oats are very promising. The weather has been rather chilly for corn, but much has been planted, and as it rarely fails, we may safely calculate on a large harvest.—*Painesville Tel.*

MICHIGAN.—From all parts of the State, we have the most flattering reports as to the coming crops. The present season bids fair to be one of the most prosperous to our farmers ever known in the history of our State.

The coming wheat crop here promises to surthat of any other State.—*Detroit Free Press.*

KENTUCKY.—The wheat crop in this county is said to be better than an average one. The grain is not quite so heavy, but it has been harvested in good condition; no rust, or any of the various ills that this crop is heir to, affected the crop.—*Hopkinsville Whig.*

MR. MORRIS'S GREAT SALE OF IMPROVED STOCK.

Mount Fordham, June 20th, 1851.

To the Editor of the Valley Farmer:

I send you a correct statement of my sale for publication, which you can insert if you wish to do so.

The thorough bred Short Horns were very few and such as I could spare from my herd. Nos 4 and 10 were starred animals, and not recommended. Take three out of the lot and the cows, heifers, and heifer calves, 10 in number, average $104 63 per head.

The improved Dairy Stock, consisting of cows, heifers, and heifer calves, 20 in number, average $70 07 per head.

My thorough bred bulls and bull calves, 4 in number, averaged $126 12 1-2 per head.

Grade bull calves, 3 in number, averaged $80 per head.

Suffolk Pigs, 23 in number, dropped from the 7th to 10th of April last, averaged as follows:—9 pairs of pigs averaged, per pair, 27 23; 5 single boar pigs, averaged per head, $16 60; 1 single sow in pig, $30.

Buck lambs, 5 in number, lambed from 21st of March to the 19th of April last, averaged per head, $29.

The sale was strictly a fair one as to bidding, without any underhand arrangement for running up or "whipping the devil round the stump." Many of the animals sold for half their value, but on the whole, I was satisfied, as a second annual sale.

L. G. MORRIS.

SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT OF SALE.

Thorough bred Short Horn Cows, Heifers and Heifer Calves.

Lot 1. York, Gen. Cadwallader, Philadelphia, $110.00
2. Cleopatra, 9 years old, do. do., ... 85,00
4. Coquette, 4 yrs. old, Edward H. Smith, Smith town,..... 50,00
5. Red Lady, 4 yr. old, Gen. Cadwallader, 175,00
6. Eleanora, 4 yr. old, do. 135.00
8. Miss Rolfe, 2 yr. old, A. Vandugen, jr. 105.00
9. Fame, 16 months old, Gen. Cadwallader, 60,00
10 Red Rose, 15 mo. old, G. Hopkins, L. I., 30,00
11. Kate, 5 mo, G. G. Hubbard, W. Needham, 140,00
12. Lilly, 3 mo, Joel Terrill, Oswego,..... 80,00
13. Beulah, 3½ mo, Gen. Cadwalleder,..... 55,00
14. Pocahontas, 17 years, Henry Parsons, Canada West,..... 100,00

IMPROVED DAIRY STOCK.

Cows, Heifers, and Heifer Calves.

15. Beauty, 6 yrs., Dr. A. Smith, N. Rochelle, 105,00
16. Sue, 8 yr. old, Richard Lewis, new York, 100,00
17. Watson, Henry Parsons, Canada West, 80.00
18. Strawberry, Gen. Cadwallader,..... 75,00
19. Bess, 5 years old, G. Hopkins, Long Island, 65,00
20. Gazelle, 4 yr. old, G. W. Thacher, Pelham, 105,00
21. Alarm, 3 years old, John Rae, Movinsania, 37,00
22. Lady Independence, 3 yr old, Robt. Segoin, Richmond Co.,..... 67.50
23. Miss Stewart, 2 yr, Jas. Robertson, Peekskill, 70,00
24. Harlem Maid, 2 years old, Gen. Cadwllader, 75,00
25. Lady Canning, 2 yrs old, G. G. Milmerding, Suffolk Co.,..... 120.00
26. Marietta, 2 years old, Gen. Cadwallader, 70 00
27. Sabina, 2 years old, Dr. Smith, N. Rochel e, 77,50
28. Miss Mary, 19 ms. R. Segoin, Richmond co., 75,00
29. Bessie, 10 ms. old, J. J. Mapes, N. Jersey, 35,00
30. Claria, 14 mos, Robt. Segoin, Richmond co., 30.00
31. Laura, 9 months old, Gen. Cadwallader, 30.00
32. Lucy, Gen. Cadwallader,..... 37 50
33. Helen, 3½ mos., Morris Ketcham, N. York, 100,00

SHORT HORN AND AYRSHIRE CROSS.

34. Countess, 4 years old, Gen. Cadwallader, 82.50
35. Irannie, 2 years old, Morris Ketcham, N Y., 90,00
36. Betty Merryman, 9 months, B. R. Paulding, Tarrytown,..... 60,00

NEARLY THOROUGH BRED DUTCH.

37. Julia Edgar, Lewis Livingston, Rhinbeck, Dutchess Co.,..... 120,00
38. Dinah, Lewis Livingston, Rhinbeck,..... 37,50
39. Yoke oxen, L. T. Wright, Movinsania,.... 145,00

BULLS—THOROUGH BRED SHORT HORN.

1. Logan, 23 months old, Oliver Slate, Pelham, 175,00
4. Mark Anthony, — Wilson, Wisconsin, 135,00
5. Passaic, 2 months old, Joel Terrill, Oswego, 50,00

BULLS SLIGHTLY CROSSED WITH AMSTERDAM DUTCH.

6. Pontiac, 15 mo. J. G. Goodwin, Kingsbridge, 70,00
7. Red Rover, 5½ mo., T. R. Rives, Virginia, 105,00
8. Medley, 11 mos., Edw'd Biddle, Morristown, 65,00

PURE BRED DEVON.

10. Barton, 17 months old, Gen. Cadwallader, 145,00

BUCK LAMBS.

1. Buck Lamb, 3½ mos. old, A Clement, Phila. 30,00
2. Ditto, 2½ months, E. G. Faile, Westfarms, 30,00
3. Ditto, 5½ mos, L. Brooks. Providence, R. I., 30,00
4. Ditto, 3 months old, Gen. Cadwallader, 30,00
5. Ditto, 2½ months old, Gen. Cadwallader, 25,00

SWINE.

Pigs dropped from the 7th to the 10th April last.

1. One pair of pigs, Henry Parsons, Canada W., 37,50
2. Ditto, Gen. Cadwallader,..... 30 00
3. Ditto, — Churchwell,..... 30.00
4 & 5, 2 Ditto, G. G. Hubbard, West Needham, 50,00
6. One Ditto, Capt. Spencer, Westchester co., 20,00
7. Ditto, Thos. Hancock, Burlington, N. J. 20,00
8. Ditto, Henry Parsons,..... 30.00
9. Ditto, Aaron Clements, Philadelphia,... 27.50
10. One Boar, Lewis Livingston,..... 17,00
11. Ditto, Gen. Cadwallader,..... 17,00
12. Ditto, J. B. Wilson, Wisconsin, (E. Troy,) 17,00
13. Ditto, Thos. Hancock,..... 16.00
14. Ditto, Lilcoln Brooks, Providence, R. I. 16,00
16. One Sow 9 months old, G. G. Hubbard,.... 30,00

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.

MR. VAIL'S GREAT SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.

The sale of Mr. Vail's celebrated herd of Short-horns, as advertised to be sold in previous numbers of the Rural New Yorker, took place on Thursday, June 26, 1851. The assembly of persons was not large, but was composed of many of our first breeders, not only from the country but from Canada also. The animals were in good condition, and although the prices they brought were not extravagant, yet they were such as to give great encouragement to the breeders of Short-horns. It was generally considered the most satisfactory sale ever made in this country,

and proves conclusively that the time is not far distant when the Short-horns will be generally appreciated according to this true merit.

The animals for sale were each labelled in the morning, with the name and number of the lot, which gave a fair opportunity for persons to examine the herds at their leisure. About 11 o'clock the animals were arranged in a grove near the cottage, and tied. This gave an opportunity for a still closer examination. At 12 o'clock the company were invited to partake of an excellent lunch; and at 1 1-2 o'clock the sale commenced. Mr. Miller, the auctioneer, acquitted himself admirably, and in less than two hours the animals were all sold. There were thirty-three animals sold, including two at private sale, which brought the sum of $4,170.

Below will be found a synopsis of the sale, the price each animal brought, together with the name of the purchaser.

Name.	Calved.	Price	Purchaser.
Lilly 2d..... ...	—— 1845	$170	Gen Cadwallader.
do 3d.....	—— 1848	135	H Wells Cayuga co
do 4th.....	—— 1849	90	Gen Cadwallader.
do 5th.....	Mar. 1850	165	do do
Fun	Sept. '44	235	H Wells.
Dahlia 5th.....	April '49	75	Gen Cadwallader.
Eunice 2d.....	July 1841	16	do do
do 3d..	Aug 1843	125	J Osborn, Oneida c
Wilddame 4th....	—— 1848	220	Gen Cadwallader.
do 5th*....	Feb. 1851	55	do do
Daisy 3d.....	—— 1844	230	S P Chapman.
do 5th.....	—— 1849	150	Gen Cadwallader.
Fill Pail 5th.	—— 1849	95	do do
Victoria 4th..''''	May 1847	9	H Wells.
Rosetta 2d.....	—— 1847	175	Gen Cadwallader.
do 3d.....	Sept 1849	80	Wm Osborn.
do 4th.....	Aug 1850	105	Gen Cadwallader.
Yellow Ekin.....	June '49	110	do do
Willey	—— 1837	99	do do
Profitable 2d.....	Aug 1849	125	B Wells.
Victoria 5th.....	April '41	75	Gen Cadwallader.
Beauty	—— 1851	90	Wm Osborn.
Red Lady.....	—— 1851	60	Gen Cadwallader.
Fill Pail 6th.....	—— 1850	90	J B Wilson, Wis.
AT PRIVATE SALE TWO BATES HEIFERS.			
Lady Barrington 5th	——1849	$350	Mr Remington.
Hilpa 4th.....	——1851	300	S S Chapman.
BULLS AND BULL CALVES.			
Duke Wellington†	Oct. 1839		
Meteor†	July 1841		
Bippo 3d.....	Sept 1848	140	Dr. Richmond.
Leopold.....	Oct. 1849	50	Mr Cameron.
Grand Duke.....	Feb 1850	95	Wm Osborn.
Falcon	Sept 1850	90	Dr. Richmond.
Marquis	Aug 1849	60	do
White Prince.....	April '51	55	F. Yates.
Fashion	—— 1851	30	Gen Cadwallader.

* This calf sick. †Dead. ‡Not sold.

Summary of the Sale.—Thirty-three animals sold for $4,170; average per head $126.

Twenty-five Cows, Heifers and Heifer Calves, $3,650; average per head, $146.

Eighteen Cows and Heifers $3,010; average per head, $167. S. P. C.

FLAX COTTON IN ENGLAND.

The editor of the New York Tribune, in a letter from London, after referring to the discovery of Mr. Claussen, by which the flax fibre can be so dissolved through chemical agents, that it loses its coarseness and hardness, and becomes as soft and fine as the best cotton, gives Mr. Claussen's estimates of the probable cost of the new material:

"He says the flax straw, or the ripe, dry plant as it comes from the field with the seed taken off, may be grown even in England for $10 per ton, but he will concede its cost for the present to be $15 per ton, delivered, as it is necessary that liberal inducements shall be given for its extensive cultivation. Six tons of the straw or flax in the bundle will yield one ton of dressed and clean fibre, the cost of dressing which by his methods, so as to make it flax cotton, is $35 per ton. (Our superior western machinery ought considerably to reduce this.) The total cost of the flax cotton, therefore, will be $125 per ton, or six cents per pound, while flax, as it comes from the field, is worth $15 per ton; should this come down to $10 per ton, the cost of the fibre will be reduced to $65 per ton, or less than five cents per pound.

M. Claussen's process, it is said, requires but three hours for its completion. It takes the flax as it came from the field, only somewhat dryer and with the seed beaten off, and renders it thoroughly fit for breaking. The plant is allowed to ripen before it is harvested, so that the seed is all saved, while the tediousness and injury to the fibre, not to speak of the unwholsomness of the old-fashioned rotting processes, are entirely obviated. Where warmth is desirable in the fabrics contemplated, the stable is made to resemble wool quite closely. Specimens dyed red, blue, yellow, &c, are exhibited, to show how readily and satisfactorily the flax cotton takes any color that may be desired. Besides these lie rolls of flannels, feltings, and almost every variety of plain textures, fabricated wholly or in good part from flax as prepared for spinning under M. Claussen's patent, proving the adaptation of this fibre to almost every use now subserved by either cotton or wool. The mixtures of cotton and flax, flax-cotton and wool, are excellent and servicable fabrics.

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☞ Did you ever know a chap so "seurvy looking" that a politicirn would not shake hands with him before election?

EDITORIAL RAMBLES.

If our readers are half as much interested in an account of a visit made by us into the country, and among the farmers, as we were in making it, they will not fail to read this article with avidity. Leaving the dust and noise of the city as the sun began his going down in the West, a ride of two hours brought us to the truly elegant and tasteful abode of Mr. Thos. January, where we were most hospitably entertained until after dinner next day. Mr. January is one of those men, many of whom are found in this vicinity, who after a successful career in commercial business has retired to the country, to engage in that most useful and honorable of all pursuits—Agriculture. His farm consists of about twelve hundred acres, of which he has from five to six hundred in cultivation. His crops this year consist of sixty acres wheat, sixty acres corn, eighty acres hemp, about the same quantity of potatoes and oats, &c. He has about one hundred acres of meadow, from which he raises large quantities of excellent hay much of which he sells in this market.

Taking us in his buggy we rode by a field of corn, the finest we ever saw, of which he gave us the following history: Being in Boone County last fall, he visited a field of corn of which a measured acre yielded one hundred and seven and a half; and in compliance with a banter made at the time, he came home with a determination to beat that crop, or any other that might be raised in Boone Co. this season. Several of his neighbors to whom he related the facts have also set themselves to work to establish the fact that there are as good farmers in St. Louis County as any where else in the State. When the time of gathering comes we intend to be present at the measurement, and will publish the result for the information of our readers. We can but regret that Mr. January did not communicate these facts to the public through the Valley Farmer, and thus extend his banter all over the State. By so doing he would doubtless have induced hundreds to enter the lists, and thus an increase of thousands of bushels would have been made to the produce of the State the present year of this single article, and who can say how great would have been its influence for the time to come. for no man who this year raises one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, will hereafter beeasily satisfied with thirty or forty.

Another thought this matter presented to us—the want of efficient county Agricultural Societies, and also a proper State organization to encourage these efforts to develop the powers of our soils and the practicability of improving our modes of agriculture. In other States these efforts would be rewarded with Premiums, Medals and Diplomas. The results and the process by which they were gained would be officially published through the land, and every man who had distinguished himself in the race of improvement would receive due credit for it.

Mr. January's wheat, hemp, potatoes, &c. were like his corn, the best of the kind, and we soon discovered one principle which goverened his operations, and that without being told it, and that was to cultivate no more land than can be done well. He prefers his land to lay vacant rather than be half cultivated. He works sixteen hands upon the farm. and the whole number of persons big and little living on the place is about forty. His success in raising fruit has not been very good, except with apples, and he tells us he does not think much of this section of country for fruit growing. The peach tree is short lived, and nectarines, appricots and cherries cannot be cultivated with any profit. In poultry he showed us some very fine chickens, and also Guinea hens which he represented as remarkable layers; and his pea fowls and turkeys also showed their breeding. We had not time to examine his stock, but judging from what we casually saw of it, we presume it is in good keeping with the other appointments of the place.

Leaving Mr. January's, we passed by a number of fine farms on the road to St. Charles, and nightfall having brought us to the residence of Dr. McIlhaney, six miles above St. Charles, on the Boonslick road. The Dr. is a perfect specimen of the Marylander of the better class, and his lady, a true Virginian. Their united counsels and exertions have erected and furnished a magnificent country house, where the way-farer may be sure of good food, clean beds and attentive treatment. We met in the evening strangers, we parted in the morning, friends. The Dr, is wide awake about all

that pertains to agricultural improvement, and his well tilled and remarkably productive farm shows that he is wide awake to some purpose.

One peculiarity of this family we notice, although it belongs not strictly to our sphere Seated opposite us, at the breakfast table, was a long ro v of blooming girls, the daughters of our host, and hearing the names of several of the States called over pretty rapidly b the mother, our attention was arrested, and we soon discovered that each of these young ladies bore the name of one of the sister States. Here was Missouri, and Maryland, and Florida, and Georgia. Kentucky was at school. But when we asked if they had none for the "Old Dominion" the birth place of the mother, the sobered face and tear-dimmed eye told us that she —the first born—had been snatched away, and they had laid her in the silent tomb.

About a mile beyond Dr. M's. we stopped for a moment before the residence of an ex-dry goods merchant from Market street. Mr. L. S. Virden, whohas reversed the order of movement ascribed by Mr. Fessenden to Tim Oxgoad, who

"From rolling logs, now rolls in goods."

for Mr. Virden has rolled out of the "tape and bobbin" line, into raising wheat, corn, and cattle. His success has been such as always attends those who put their own hands to the plow, and who are neither too wise to be taught, nor too stubborn to learn.

St. Charles is one of the great wheat growing counties of the State; and the reputation which their wheat bears, in the market may be learned from the fact that severa of the farmers have sold their crop for the highest figure that is paid here within ninety days, while Mr. Virden has sold his for an advance of five cents on the bushel, over any quotation that have been made this season. Large crops are raiesd, each farmer producing at least a thousand bushels, and many of them twenty five hundred or th ree thousand.

The next night brought us to the residence of Dr. Martin, near Troy, Lincoln County. This was a day to be remembered by us, and by our faithful "helpmeet" who accompanied us. Scarcely had we started in the morning ere we felt symptoms of an attack of cholera morbns, which soon produced the most weakening effects upon us, so that when we arrived at Flint Hill, we were well nigh prostrated, and here all the skill of our partner was exerted to arrest the disease, and with such good effect that in a few hours we were again on our way, feeling like a new man, but "powerful weak."

We found Dr. M. busily engaged in fitting up his farm upon which he had resided but a few months, and which consequently requires considerable "fixing" to make it suit him. New fences were being constructed, the foundation of a new house had just been laid, and every thing indicatee that a few more months would present a different appearance. The Dr. calls his farm one of the best in Lincoln county, and he designs to go extensively into the business of stock raising, a business which from present appearances will pay remarkably well. His wheat crop this year was remarkably fine.

An easy ride of the next day brought us to the residence of Robert A. May, near Flint Hilt, in St. Charles county, calling for a short time at the residence of George Myers, whose influence in favor of the Valley Farmer was most cheerfully promised; and who appeared by no means content to follow on in the old beaten track, of farming, but by means of labor-saving machinery, and improved modes of cultivation, to keep up with the spirit of the timos.

Of Mr. May's from much personal examination, but we de know what his neighbors say of him, and we also know the course of management he is pursueing will surely lead him on to a fortune, if his life is spared. This is a good game region, and here were sumptuously fed on venison, and when we can again leave our post for so long a recraation we intend to spend a week in the woods with our respected host and some other genial spirits of that ilk.

A hard day's ride the next day, brought us home again, affording us little opportunity to note the improvements going on in the region through which we traveled.

We tender our sincere thanks to the many kind friends whose hospitality we shared on our way. We have not space to say more at this time, but we have some things in reserve for another occasion. We saw many things that pleased us, and some that we thought might be improved.

"A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
And faith, he'll prent em."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Millwood, near Jefferson city,
July 5, 1851.

To the Editor of the Valley Farmer

Since I have been a farmer I have been in the habit of recording in a book kept for that purpose, such things as I hear among my neighbors that will propable be of service to me, in my vocation. I have found this plan an exceedingly useful one, and I frequently refer to my memorandum book, whenever I am at loss how to proceed in cases arising on my farm, out of its usual routine. I send you below a few extracts which you are at liberty to publish; and first for the benefit of your lady readers, I copy some receipts for dyeing, which my good wife has found to answer better than any others that she has tried and accordingly adopted.

Yours respectfully, &c
A YOUNG FARMER.

TO DYE BLUE, WITH VITROL.

Mix in a bottle for each pound of yarn, one oz. oil of vitriol, and one-fouth oz. indigo. Let them stand for several days, shaking well once or twice each day. You can use either brass or iron to dye in. Take the yarn from a lather of clean suds and put it into the dye while boiling. Let it boil 15 or 20 minutes, raising several times to give it air. Then take it from the dye, and put it into a lather of clean suds, the more you wash the brigter will be the color.

TO DYE BLACK.

To each yard of cloth take three oz. logwood; two oz. madder and one-fourth oz. blue stone. Boil the cloth in blue stone and air it three or four times while boiling. Then boil in the logwood and madder, and air three or four times while boiling.

TO DYE RED.

For each pound of yarn take one oz. cochineal two oz. muriate of tin, two oz. cream of tartar. Have a new tin bucket two-thirds full of water, put it in an iron pot of boiling water, until the water in the bucket boils. Then put in the muriate of tin, then the cream of tartar, and then the cochineal. Let the whole boil about five minutes. Wet the yarn with clear cold water, put it into the dye, and keep stirring continually for about twenty minutes. Take out and wash in clear cool water and hang in the air. Then add one table spoonful of cream of tartar to the dye, one pound of wool pink.

TO DYE ORANGE.

Take six ox. annato, four oz. pearlash, to as much warm water as will cover the hanks. Dissolve the pearlash in warm water; and add it to the other dye. Then put in the hanks, after washing them in warm soab suds. Let them get half dry and then put them in the dye, and boil fifteen minutes. Then expose the hanks to the sun This dye will answer for six hanks wool or cotton.

TO DYE GREEN.

Boil a decoction of red oak and hickory (two parts of hickory and one of oak bark.) Mix together half an ounce of indigo, beaten very fine, and four ounces oil of vitrol, and shake together two or three times a day for severrl days before using. To the decoction of bark add one and a-half pounds of alum. Have this strained and put in a vessel of brass, and while cold add the indigo and vitriol. Let it then boil, and put your yarn in, raising and letting it air several times. Boil about forty minutes, and have your yarn washed clean. This will answer for five pounds deep green, and some pale wool.

TO DYE RED WITH MADDER.

Wash your yarn clean and boil it in alum water, in the proportion of one pound alum to one pound yarn. Put for each pound of yarn one pound of madder into the *sour water* (made of fermented wheat bran the night previous out of the alum water.) and let them half dry. Pour the the madder and sour water into a pot of boiling water. Then put in the hanks, and let them boil one hour, airing them occasionally.

TO MAKE SOFT GINGERBREAD.

Mix a melted tea-cup full of butter with a pint of molasses, a table spoonful of ginger, a pint of fleur and a couple of beaten eggs. Dissove two teaspoonfuls of salaratus in half a pint of milk and stir it into the cake. Add flour to the consistency of pound cake. Bake in deep pans.

RECEIPT FOR BIG HEAD IN HORSES.

Take half an oz of calomel, one pint of tar, and a half a pint of soap, and stir them well together. Rowell the horse in the breast and on each hip. Turn the rowels every day for eighteen days. Rub the mixture on every five days for ten times. When you take out the rowels. give half a pound of sulphur, two teaspoonfuls at a dose.

RECEIPT FOR FISTULA OR POLL EVIL.

Take a quart of whisky and one pound hard soap. Put them in a covered vessel, and boil until thoroughly mixed. Take a cloth and make a hoop of it, and put in it one half of the mixture, which suffer to remain fifteen minutes on the sore. Then with a hot iron go over the cloth six or

eight times, rising the cloth occasionally to prethe hair from coming off.

HINTS FOR DAIRY MANAGEMENT.

BY STEPHEN H. SMITH, SMITHFIELD, R. I.

The important circumstance of selecting cows, their pasturage and feed, for want of time, we pass over, and commence with the

MILK APARTMENTS.

The milk cellar should be deep, well ventilated and dry, the bottom covered with stone flagging; well rammed clay is preferable to brick, unless they are clinkers—soft, common brick absorb milk and all other liquids coming in contact with them; from which they cannot be cleansed; which will soon contract must and mildew, the smell of which, like all other foul air in the room, will be imparted to the cream and butter. Over this cellar should staud the Dairy room with shelves to set milk upon in cool weather, the cellar to be used during the extremes of heat and cold. The temperature of the milk apartment if possible, should never be above sixty-five nor below forty-five degress. Set-kettles should not stand in the dairy room—neither should churning, cheese-making, or cleansing milk vessels be done there, but in a convenient room near by.

Cream vessels may be kept longer, if it be put in a white oak vessel with a tight cover, and faucet or tap near the bottom to draw off milk, when it settles, before the customarily daily stirring; with this every farmer can provide himself, it can be kept perfectly sweet by occasional scalding. Stone pots are in all respects as good, if particular pains be taken in cleaning them, except the lack of a faucet to draw off the milk from the bottom. The quality of the butter is improved by this management. If the milk be not drawn off, and is churned with the cream, the butter will be longer in coming, it will show specks of sour curd and will sooner become rancid. Butter will come quickly at all seasons of the year if the cream be of a temperature of from sixty-five to seventy-five degrees; to this end use hot water in winter, and ice in summer, but never add either to the cream in or out of the churn but apply them externally by placing the churn in a tub of hot or cold water. The Thermometor churn is arranged on the right principle. Some persons salt their cream to keep it sweet—we have not seen it tried.

SALT.

Pure salt crystalizes into perfect cubes. All other forms of crystalization found in common salt, arise from impurities; those of a needle shape in Silina, Liverpool, bag or blown salt, indicate the presence of Lime, Magnesia, Epsom and Gluber salts, in a greater or less degree. In the process of making salt these crystalize last, and in the solar evaporatiou, the cubes of pure salt forming first, the liquid that remains, and which contains all the impurities, may be drawn off and evaporated in another pan or vat. But if the salt water is evaporated by fire heat, the practice often is to mingle the impure with the pure salt. By solar evaporation, pure salts may and ought to be made at all our salt springs. The impurities in salt when water is added, or on exposure to damp air, dissolve first; if salt grows moist in damp weather it is a proof of its impurity,—hence washing salt purifies it, by dissolving all the needle-shaped crystals.

We have been thus particular, believing that one great cause of the failure in making good butter, may be traced to the use of impure salt. Rock salt, and the large lumps of Turk Island salt, washed dried finely pulverized, are preferable to all other kinds being highly preservative, and hardening the butter so that it will be sooner ready to work over in warm weather. Less than an ounce of pure rock salt is sufficient for a pound of butter,—many use half an ounce. In all cases omit sugar and saltpetre.

In the manufacture of cheese a preference is sometimes given to that kind of salt which is rejected for butter. We have remarked that glauber salts (the salts of lime and magnesia)—which constitute the principal impurities in common salt—prevent butter from hardening, they have the same effect on cheese, which gives it the appearance of richness, and the pungent bitter taste which they impart to it, is an improvement in the estimation of some. If firm cheese is desired rock salt should be used.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The cream should not rise more than thirty-six hours, or at most forty-eight hours—if the milk does not sour. It should be

sweet when taken off, and sweet when churned,—yet there is a degree of maturity to be acquired by keeping. In no case is it advisable to churn milk with its cream, except when there is a market for butter-milk. It is not to be denied that sour cream will make sweet butter with an increase in quantity, consisting of curdy substance or casene,—but it is equally true that such butter soon becomes rancid, while that from sweet cream will retain its sweetness and fragrance from September till May. The kegs for packing butter should be made of white oak, bilging in the form of casks, for the more perfect exclusion of air, and convenience of transportation. If the butter is not to be sent to a warm climate, or a foreign market, the bilging kegs should have movable covers, to accommodate inspection; they should be soaked in strong brine made from pure salt, in order that justice may be done to the purchaser, in tare,—and save the butter from being spoiled to the depth of one or two inches all around, from its contact with dry wood. In case the wood as anything but white oak, there is no danger of its giving an unpleasant taste to the whole. Avoid ash, spruce, white-wood and larch. For the convenience of families, the size should vary from twenty-five to fifty pounds. A large keg of butter is exposed to the air for a long time, while on broach in a small family; the bottom in consequence becomes rancid, The consumer will cheerfully pay an extra price for one hundred pounds of butter packed in two, three or four kegs instead of one. No salt should be put upon the sides or the bottom, nor between the layers. If the kegs are made with covers, put a cloth upon the top layer, and cover that with pure fine salt. Keep a cloth wet with strong brine on the butter while the keg is filling to exclude the air. The practice of washing butter is not approved in England, nor by the best judges in this country,—it destroys its fragrance and sweetness by dissolving the sugar of milk, which it is said is always present in good butter.

Many persons will not allow ice to be put upon their butter on the table, believing that it injures its fine flavor.

It is an unsettled question what produces the taste of cheese in butter. Newly drawn milk, whilst there is any warmth in it, will give off an offensive animal smell—may it not be that this fault in butter has its origin in churning milk before it is cold, or by crowding too much warm milk into a small unventilated dry room?

Washing is practiced in Holland when the article is designed for exportation into India,—then the operation is performed with cold, strong, limped brine, made of pure salt and pure water,—water that has lime in it will not answer, as the lime is readily absorbed by the butter, giving it a bitter taste. To exclude the air more effectually, during the process of laying down, after each layer is completed, let the dairy woman pass her finger round so as to press the butter hard and close against the side.

Every one will acknowledge that butter is made in greater perfection in June than in any other month in the year. Is there no preserving it till winter without the loss of its fine flavor? suppose it were put up in small tight white oak kegs—put these kegs into strong brine or cover them with fine salt in a cool place.

Suppose the following plan be put in practice by the owners of dairies situated so far from market that butter would not bear transportation in hot weather.

Melt the sweet butter as soon as it is made without the trouble of working it over more than once, put it in the form of lard, in kegs holding from twenty-five to fifty pounds, add a very little pure rock salt. To prevent its turning to oil, it should be put into a tin kettle, and that kettle set into hot water,—when it is melted, all the water, butter-milk, and other impurities will be found at the bottom,—the pure article can then be poured off into vessels designed for its reception. It is well known that it will keep without change throughout the year, and is in all respects equal to table butter for the following purposes: for toast, vegetables, salt and fresh fish, sauce, gravy, hashes, stakes, boiled meat, and poultry, shortening of bread, and cakes of all kinds. For all these purposes we are in practice of eating foul, rank, rancid cooking butter, presented to us occasionally through the agency of bakers, confectioners, cook shops, boarding-houses and taverns. This is the stuff that goes to England to slush the machinery of Manchester and Birmingham,

and there called grease butter, which, if well prepared in the manner above described, would probably command in our market from fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound.—[From Trans. of R. I. Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry.

TEA IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston Courier notices the arrival in that city of Francis Bonynge, a gentleman who has spent fourteen years in the East, actively engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of indigo, sugar, saltpetre, tea and coffee, and whose present object is to introduce into the Southern States the culture of the tea plant, the mangoe tree, the datet ree, coffee plant, &c., and the melons and vegetables of the East Indies, and to carry out the manufacture of the tea leaf, and also of the indigo plant, and to give a full and fair trial to both tea and indigo.

Mr. Bonynge says that the soil and climate of the Southern States are more suited to the cultivation of tea, than those even of China, and that indigo, which was by the-by, formerly produced in the Southern States, can be grown to any extent, and that the coffee plant, in all probability would flourish there to great advantage, inasmuch as the soil and undulating nature of the land would be in its favor, and the cold of lattitude of Charleston is not so tense by 13 degrees as that of the East of China. In fact, Mr. B. has seen this plant growing wild in N. latitude 27 deg. 30 min., on the hills of from three to five hundred feet in height, where, too, there was an abundance of frost, snow and hail.

THE USE OF FRUIT.—Instead of standing in any fear of a generous comsumtion of ripe fruits, we regard them as positively conducive to health. The very maladies commonly assumed to have their origin in a free use of apples, peaches, cherries melons, and wild berries have been quite as prevalent, if not equally destructive in seasons of scarcity. There are so many erroneous notions entertained and impressions promulgated, having their foundation in common sense and based upon the common observotions of the intelligent. We have no patience in reading rules to be observed in this particular department of physical comfort. No one, we imagine, ever lived longer, or freer from the paroxysms of disease by discarding the delicious fruits of the land in which we find a home. On the contrary, they are necessary to the preservation of health, and thereby caused to make their appearance at the very time when the body operated upon by deteriorating causes not always understood, requires their grateful and renovating influences.—[Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

NEVER SATISFIED.—Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an acident, a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and indeed consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration of the infirmity we are speaking of, in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door, "Poor thing," said a neighbor compassionately, "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him" replied the mother, "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of the door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are other children who take the same view of things. —[Boston Post.

WOMAN AS FIELD LABORERS.—Mr. Greely, in one of his letters from Savoy, says of woman of that country, "I think I saw quite as many women as men at work in the fields throughout Savoy. A girl of fourteen driving a yoke of oxen attached to a cart, walking barefoot beside the team and plying the goadstick, while a boy of her own age lay at length in the cart, is one of my liveliest recollections of Savoyard ways. Nut-brown, unbonneted women, hoeing corn with an implement between an adz and a pick-axe, (and not a bad implement either, for so rugged and unplowed soil,) women driving hogs, cows, &c., to or from market, we encountered at every town. So much hard, rough work and exposure is fatal to every trace of beauty.

BEANS AND PUMPKINS—NATIVE AMERICANS.

At the late meeting of the American Association for the advancement of science at Cincinnati, Ohio, a paper was read by Professor Agassiz composed by Professor Harris, of Havard College, Massachusetts, which showed that pumpkins and squahes are of NATIVE growth in America, and not imported from Asia as has been supposed.

Geo. W. Bigggs, jr. Esq., of Washington City, a lover of historical lore, has lately caused to be translated and printed a copy of one of the old Spanish Relations of travels in America, by Co-Bezza de Vaca, first published at Valladocia, in Spain, in 1855, and never before translated into English.

Cobezza de Vaca was one of the party under Pamphilo de Narraez, who landed in Florida in the spring of 1528; and as the party was dispersed, murdered, shipwrecked, and made captive, De Vaca remained wandering about in what is now Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas and Mexico for eight years.

When he was on the waters of the Arkansas river, he says of the Indians, (page 110) they gave us beans and pumpkins for our subsistence," and on page 99, he speaks of "beans, pumpkins and calokellus," and also describes the mode of cooking them.

It is evident that these vegetables could not have been acquired from Europeans, for it was only thirty-seven years since Columbus discovered the West Indies, and less than 20 years since Cortez landed on the continent.

This testimony, therefore, corrorborates the conclusion of Prof. Harris. It also shows, that nature has provided America with native eatables equal to those of any other country.—*Western Agriculturalist.*

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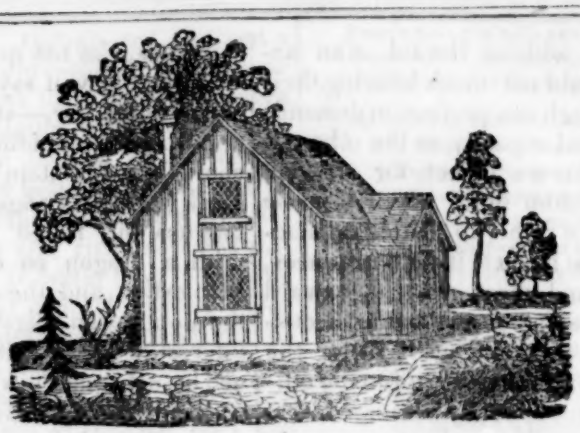
NEW DESCRIPTION OF BRICKS.—Mr. Greeley, Editor of the New York Tribune, in one of his London letters, says.—

By the way, the apostles of Sanitary Reform here are anticipating very great benefits from the use of hollow bricks just coming into fashion. I am assured by a leading member of the Sanitary Commission that the hollow brick costs much less than the solid ones, and are a perfect protection against the dampness so generally experienced in brick houses so prejudical to health. That there is a great saving in the cost of their transportation is easily seen; and, as they are made much larger than the solid brick, they can be laid up much faster. I think Dr. Southwood Smith assured me that the saving in the first cost of the brick-work of a house is *one-third*—if that is a mistake, the error is one of misapprehension on my part. The hollow brick is a far less perfect conductor of heat and cold than the solid one; consequently, a house built of the former is much cooler in summer and warmer in winter. It is confidently and reasonably hoped here that very signal improvements in the dwellings, especially of the poor, are to be secured by means of this invention. Prince Albert has caused two model cottages of this material to be erected at his own cost in Hyde Park, near the Great Exhibition, in order to attract general attention to the subject.

———o———

HOME.

The domestic hearth is the seed-plot of a noble and flourishing commonwealth. All laws are vicious, all tendencies are to be deprecated, which increase the difficulty of diffusing through every rank the refined and holy influences which are cherished by the domestic affections. Reckless speculation among capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment,—and its sure counterpart, improvidence and debauchery among workmen—are the deadliest foes of the household virtues. In how small a compass lie all the elements of man's truest happiness, if society were only conducted in a rational and moderate spirit, and its members of every class could be restrained from various indulgence and the pursuit of phantoms! A marriage contracted with thoughtfulness and cemented by pure and faithful love, when a fixed position is gained in the world, and a small fund has been already accumulated—hard work and frugal habits at the commecement of domestic life, to meet in time the possible demands of a future family—a dwelling comfortably furnished, clean, bright, salubrious, and good books, on the shelves—a few blossoming plants in the window—some well selected engravings on the walls—a piano, it may be, a violin or a flute to accompany the family concert—home made haypy in the evening by cheerful tasks and mutual improvement, exchanged at times for the conversation of a friend or neighbor of kindred taste and congenial manners—these are conditions of existence within reach of every one who will seek them—resources of the purest happiness lost to thousands, because a wrong direction is given to their tastes and energies, and they roam abroad in pursuit of interest and enjoyment which they might create in rich abundance at home. This is no romantic, visionary picture. It is a sober, accessible possibility, such as even now, under the pressure of many adverse circumstances, is realized in the homes of not a few working men who have learned the art of extracting competence from narrow means, and maimtaining genuine respectability in a humble station.



From the Horticulturist.

A FEW WORDS ON OUR PROGRESS IN BUILDINGS.

BY A. J. DOWNING.

Within ten years past the attention of great numbers has been turned to the improvement and embelishment of the public and private edifices,—many foreign architects have settled in the Union, numerous works—especially upon domestic architecture—have been issued from the press, and the whole community, in town and country, seem at the present moment to be affected with the building mania. The upper part of New York, especially, has the air of some city of fine houses in all styles, rising from the earth as if by enchantment, while in the surburbs of Boston rural cottages are springing up on all sides, as if the "Genius of Architecture" had sown, broadcast, the seeds of *ornee* cottages, and was in a fair way of having a fine harvest in that quarter.

There are many persons who are discontented with this new hot-bed growth of architectnral beauty, some denounce "fancy houses" as they call everything but a solid square block—altogether have become weary of "gothic" (without perhaps, ever having seen one good specimen of the style) and suggest whether there be not something barbarous in a lancet window to a modern parlor; while the larger number can go on building vigorously in the newest style they can find, determined to have something, if not better and more substantial than their neighbors, at least more extraordinary and uncommon.

We are in the midst of what might be called the experimental stage of architectural taste. With the passion for novelty, and the feeling of independenec that belong to this country, our people seem determined to *try everything*. A proprietor on the lower part of the Hudson is building a stone castle, with the towers clustered together, after the fashion of the old robber strongholds on the Rhine. We trust he has no intention of levying toll on the railroad that runs six trains a day under his frowning battlements, or exacting booty from the river crafts of all sizes forever floating by. A noted New Yorker has erected a villa near Bridgeport, which looks like the minareted and domed residence of the Persian *Shah*—though its orientalism is rather put out of countenance by the prim and puritanical dwellings of the plain citizens within rifle shot of it. A citizen of fortune dies, and leaves a large sum to erect a "large plain building' for a school to educate orphan boys—which the building committee consider to mean a superb marble temble, like that of Jupiter Olympius,—a foreigner liberally bequeaths his fortune to the foundation of an institution "for the diuffsion of knowledge among men"—and the regents erect a college in the style of a Norman monastery—with a relish of the dark ages in it, the better to contrast with its avowed purpose of diffusing light.

In domestic architecture the diffiulties that lie in the way of achieving a pure and correct taste, are perhaps, greater than in civil or ecclesiastical edifices. There are so many private fancies and personal vanities, which seek to manifest themselves in the house of the ambitious private citizen, and which are defended under the shield of that miserable falsehood, "there is no disputing about tastes." (If the proverb read 'whims,' it would be gospel truth.) Hence we see numberless persons who set about building

their own house without the aid of an architect, who would not think of being their own lawyer, though one profession demands as much study and capacity as the other,—and it is not to this we object, for we hold that a man may often build his own house and plead his own rights to justice satisfactorily—but it must be done in both instances, in the simplest and most straight-forward manner. If he attempts to go into the discussion of Blackstone on the one hand, or the mysteries of Vitruvius and Pugin on the other, he is sure to get speedily swamped, and commit all sorts of follies and extravagances out of keeping with his natural character.

The two greatest trials to the architect of taste, who desires to see his country and age making a respectable figure in this branch of the arts, are to be found in that class of travelled smatterers in *virtu*, who have picked up here and there, in the tour from Liverpool to Rome, certain ill assorted notions of art, which they wish combined in one sublime whole, in the shape of their own domicil,—and that larger class who ambitiously imitate in a small cottage, all that belongs to palaces, castles and buildings of princely dimensions.

The first class is confined to no country. Examples are to be found everywhere, and we do not know of a better hit at the folly of these *cognoscenti* than in the following relation of experiences by one of the cleverest of English architectural critics:

"The architect is requested, perhaps by a man of great wealth—nay, of established taste, in some points, to make a design for a villa in a lovely situation. The future proprietor carries him up stairs to his study, to give him what he calls his 'ideas and materials,' and, in all probability begins somewhat thus: "This, sir, is a slight note; I made it on the spot; approach to Villa Reale, near Puzzuoli. Dancing nymphs, you perceive,—cypress, shell fountain. I think I should like something like this for the approach,—classical, you perceive, sir,—elegant, graceful. Then, sir, this is a sketch by an American friend of mine,—Whewhaw-Kantamarow,s wigwam, king of the ———Canibal Islands,—I think he said sir. Log, you observe,—scalps, and boa constrictor skins,—curious. Something like this, sir, would look neat, I think, for the front door,—don't you? Then the lower windows, I'm not quite decided upon; but what would you say to Egyptian, with hyeroglyphics, sir,—storks and coffins, and appropriate mouldings above,—I brought some from Fountain's Abbey the other day. Look here, sir; angel's heads putting their tongues out, rolled up in cabbage leaves, with a dragon on each side riding on a broomstick, and the devil looking out from the mouth of an alligator, sir.* Odd, I think, interesting. Then the corners may be turned by octagonal towers, like the centtre one in Kenilworth Castle,—with Gothic doors, port-cullis and all, quite perfect,—with cross slits for arrows, battlements for musketry, machiolations for boiling lead, and a room at the top for drying plums,—and the conservatory at the bottom, sir, with Virginia creepers up the towers, doors supported by spinxes, holding scrapers in their fore paws, and having their tails prolonged into warm water pipes to keep the plants safe in winter, &c."

We have seen buildings in England, where such bedlam suggestions of taste have not only been made, but accepted, either wholly or partially, by the architect, and where the result was both ludicrous and absurd. There is less dictation to architects in this country, on one hand, and more independence of any class on the other; to bring such examples of architectural salamagundies into existence—though there are a few in the profession weak enough to prostitute their talents to any whim or caprice of the employer.

But by far the greatest danger at the present moment lies in the ordinate ambition of the builders of ornamental cottages. Not contented with the simple and befitting decoration of the modest veranda, the bracketted roof, the latticed window, and the lovely accessories of vine and flowering shrubs, the builder of the *cottage ornee* in too many cases, attempts to engraft upon his simple story of a habitation, all the tropes and figures of architectural rhetoric which belong to the elaborate oratory of a palace or a temple.

We have made a point of enforcing the superior charm of simplicity—and the *realness* of the beauty which grows out of it, in our late work on Country Houses. We even went so far as to give a few examples of farm houses studiously made simple and

rural in character, though not without a certain beauty of expression befitting their locality, and the uses to which they were destined. But, judging from some criticisms on these farm houses in one of the western papers, we believe it will not be an easy task to convince the future proprietors of farm houses and rural cottages that truthful simplicity is better than borrowed decorations, in their country homes. Our critic wonders why farmers should not be allowed to live in as handsome houses (confounding mere decoration with beauty) as any other class of our citizens, if they can afford it—and claims for them the use of the most ornamental architecture in their farm-houses. We have only to answer to this, that the simplest expression of beauty that grows out of a man's life, ranks higher for him than the most elaborate one borrowed from another's life or circumstances. We will add, by way of illustration, that there is no moral or political objection, that we know, to a farmer's wearing a general's uniform in his fields, if he likes it better than a plain dress; but to our mind his costume—undoubtedly handsomer in the right place—would be both ugly and absurd behind the harrow.

We are glad to find, however, that our feeling of the folly of this exaggerated pretension in cottage architecture, is gradually finding its expression in other channels of the public press—a sure sign that it will eventually take hold of public opinion.—The following satire on the taste of day in this overloaded style of "carpenter's gothic." from the pen of one of the wittiest and cleverest of American poets, has lately appeared as part of a longer satire on another subject, in one of our popular magazines. But it is too good to be lost sight of by our readers, and we recommend it to a second perusal.

THE RURAL COT OF MR. KNOTT. ¶

BY LOWEL.

My worthy friend A. GORDON KNOTT,
From business snug withdrawn
Was much contented with a lot
Which would contain a Tudor cot
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden plot,
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had his business on the shelf
To give his taste expansion,
And since no man, retired with pelf,
The building mania can shun.

KNOTT being middle aged himself,
Resolved to build (unhappy elf!)
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in council;
"I want," said he, "a—you know what,
(You are a builder, I am Knott)
A thing complete from chimney-pot
Down to the very groundsel;
Here's half an acre of good land:
Just have it nicely mapped and planned,
And make your workman drive on;
Medow there is, and upland too,
And I should like a water view—
D, you think you could contrive one?
(Perhaps the pump and trough would do,
If a painted a judicious blue?)
The woodland I've attended to;"
(He meant three pines stuck up askew,
Two dead ones and a live one.)

"A pocket full of rocks 'twould take
To build a house of free-stone,
But then it is not hard to make
What now-a-days is *the* stone;
The cunning painter in a trice,
Your house outside pertrifies,
And people think it very gneiss,
Without inquiring deeper;
My money never shall be thrown
Away on such a deal of stone,
When stone of deal is cheaper."

And so the greenest of antiques
Was reared for KNOTT to dwell in;
The architect worked hard for weeks,
Inventing all his private peaks
Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks
Had satisfied Fluellen.
Whatever anybody had
Out of the common good or bad,
KNOTT had it all worked well in,
A don-jon keep where clothes might dry,
A porter's lodge that was a sty,
A campanile both slim and high,
Too small to hang a bell in;
All up and down, and here there,
With Lord-knows-whats of round and square
Stuck on ramdom everywhere;
It was the house to make one stare,
All corners and all gables;
Like dogs let loose upon a bear,
Ten emulous styles *staboyed* with care,
The whole among them seemed to bear,
And all the oddities to spare,
Were stuck upon the stables.

KNOTT was delighted with a pile
Approved by fashion's leaders;
(Only he made the builder smile,
By asking every little while,
Why that was called the Two door style,
Which certainly had *three* doors?)
Yet better for this luckless man
If he had put a downright ban
Upon all things *in limine*;
For, though to quit affairs his plan,

Ere many days poor KNOTT began,
Perforce accepting draughts that ran
All ways—except up chimney;
The house, though painted stone to mock,
With nice white lines around each block,
Some trepidation stood in,
When tempests (with petrific shock,
So to speak) made it really sock,
Though not a whit less wooden;
And painted stone, how'er well done,
Will not take in the prodigal sun,
Whose beams are never quite at one
With our terrestrial lumber;
So the wood shrank around the knots,
And gaped in disconcerted spots,
And there was lots of dots and rots,
And crannies without number,
Where through, as you may well presume,
The wind like water through a flume,
Came rushing in ecstatic,
Leaving in all three floors, no room
That was not a rumatic;
And what with points and squares and rounds,
Grown shaky on their poises;
The house at night was full of pounds, ['zounds
Thumps, bumps, creaks, scratching raps,—till—
Cried KNOTT, "this goes beyond all bounds,
I do not deal in tongues and sounds,
Nor have I let my house and grounds
To a family of Noyeses!"

ENGLISH TURNIPS.

Every farmer will find it profitable to raise a quantity of these roots. In the "Memoirs of the Board of Agriculture of the State of New York," (Vol. 1, p. 26) we find the following remarks on the best mode of cultivating this valuable root:

"There is no difficulty in raising turnips on new land,—but it is very desirable to know the best mode of raising them, at least a small patch every year, on old farms. Mr. Henry De Bois, of Rensselaer county, and Major E. Cady, of Columbia county say that they have succeeded in obtaining good crops several years in succession, by the following process: Turn over a turf of old sward the first week in June, Yard your cattle at night on this, in the proportion of six head at least, to a quarter of an acre, until the 20th of July, then harrow lengthwise the furrows so as not to disturb or overturn them, and sow in the proportion of about half a pound of seed per acre.

"If it is not convenient to yard cattle upon it, harrowing in as above will do as a substitute. Mr. C. R. Colden applies the manure by strewing it in shallow furrows, two feet apart; then buries the manure by two side furrows, and harrows the ground level, lengthwise of the furrows. This method requires less manure, and he has the advantage of hoeing the turnips in drill."

We recollect likewise that we have read, in several of our New England newspapers, that fine turnips have been raised by plowing up old sward ground sometime in June, harrowing well, and sowing from the 1st to the 20th of July, and this without the application of manure. But there can be no doubt that folding sheep or horned cattle on the land thus plowed, would very much enhance the crop.

All American writers on this subject, whose works we have perused, advise to sow seed of the common English turnip, as late as about the middle of July. They tell us that late sowed turnips are much the best for the table, and that they are less liable to be injured by insects, if sown so late, than when sown much earlier in the season.

"The true turnip soil is a deep sand or sandy loam. Every gardener knows the proper time to begin hoeing turnips. In general, when the plants spread a circle of about four inches, they are ready for the first hoeing. They are commonly left about a foot asunder. The second hoeing three weeks after the first."

Those who desire to go extensively and successfully into the turnip culture, should raise their own seed from the finest transplanted roots. An English cultivator says, "It is wonderful what a small quantity of seed suffices for an acre of ground, and indeed equally so how it can be delivered and spread over such a breadth. A pint might be more than enough, but it is usual to broad-cast a quart on an acre."

Dr. Deane's "New England Farmer" asserts that "the quantity of seed sown on an acre is never less than one pound, frequently a pound and a half, and by some two. According to the same work it is very necessary for the success of the crop, that a heavy roller be passed over the field immediately after harrowing in the seed, provided the ground is sufficiently dry, or as soon as it is in a fit condition. By this means the clods are broken, and much of the seed that would otherwise be exposed to birds, &c., will be covered, and the surface rendered smooth and compact thereby, and consequently more retentive of misture, which will greatly promote the vegetation of the seed and growth of the plants."

If a quantity of lime were sowed over the field immediately after putting in the seed, it would probably preserve the crops against insects, and preventing the turnips becoming spongy, as well as increase their size. Unleached ashes, soot, and plaster, have also been highly recommended as manure for turnips, Thomas Mellville, jr., Esq., of Pittsburgh, Mass., in raising a crop which received the premium from "The Massachusetts Agricultural Society," in 1847, and which amounted to about seven hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, sowed his seed in drills of twenty-eight inches the 21st of June, on ground previously well manured. The following day sowed on the acre thirty bushels of slacked lime, and fifteen bushels house ashes.

Ellis, an old writer on husbandry, says, "Turnips sooted about twenty-four hours after they are up will be entirely secured from the fly." Some advise, and it may be well if not too much trouble, to leach soot, and sprinkle young turnips with the liquor. M'Mahon, in treating of the cultivation of turnips, says, "The plants should be left from seven to twelve inches every way; this must be regulated according to the strength of the land, the time of sowing, and the kind of turnips cultivated; strong ground and early sowing always producing the largest roots."

The width of the hoe should be in proportion to the medium distance to be left between the plants, and this to their expected size. The critical time of the first hoeing is, when the plants, as they lie spread on the ground, are nearly the size of the palm of the hand; if however seed-weeds be numerous and luxuriant, they ought to be checked before the turnip plants arrive at that size; lest, being drawn up tall and slenner, they should acquire a weak and sickly habit. A second hoeing should be given when the leaves have grown to the height of eight or nine inches, in order to destroy weeds, loosen the earth, and finally to regulate the plants,—a third, if found necessary, may be given at any subsequent period. Here will the farmer exclaim against the trouble and expense of hoeing; but let him try one acre in this way, and leave another of the same quality to nature, as is too frequently done, and he will find that the extra produce of the hoed acre will more than compensate for the labor bestowed.

Loudon says, archbishop Garrie, a Scottish gardener of merit, tried steeping the seed in sulphur, sowing soot, ashes, and seasand along the drills, all without effect. At last he tried dusting the rows, when the plants were in the seed leaf, with quicklime, and found that effectual in preventing the depredations of the fly. "A bushel of quicklime," says he, "is sufficient to dust over an acre of drilled turnips, and a boy may soon be taught to lay it on almost as fast as he could walk along the drills. If the seminal leaves are powdered in the slightest degree, it is sufficient; but should the rain wash the lime off before the turnips are in the rough leaf, it may be necessary to repeat the operation, if the fly begins to make its appearance.—[Fessenden's Complete Farmer.

KEEP THE PREMISES CLEAN.

Every cultivator should keep his premises as clean as possible, for the important purpose of saving manure, and promoting health.

Some discerning persons remark that in the hot summer, while vegetation is in a flourishing condition, it is more healthy in the country than in the city, but the reverse is the case in September and October, as at this season many vegetable productions have come to maturity and are decaying, filling the air with noxious gases and odors; whence arise fevers, dysentary, and other complaints which are more common in the country early in the fall. We give this view of the subject which some have presented, and we will make few remaks on subjects that claim the particular attention of every cultivator, whether this view be correct or not.

Keep the premises, particularly around the dwelling, perfectly free from every substance that will taint the air. Every decaying vegetable or animal substance should be removed to a good distance, and then covered in earth for the purpose of manure.

The pig-pen though a respectful distance, should be supplied with loam to absorb all liquid matter. All manure in the barn-yard should be covered with loam, sand or mud, to save it from waste, and to keep the air pure, as, in the changes so common to the

wind, the air is liable to be wafted from the barn to the house.

Cellars should be made as clean as possible, particularly as they communicate so directly with the building above and any foul air produced in them is liable to pass into the house. All vegetables in the cellar that are tending to decay should be removed immediately. It is best to ventilate cellars thoroughly by opening doors and windows, keeping the door open as little as possible that communicates with the rooms.

Necesssaries often produce a foul atmosphere around them; and as the dwelling is near, the offensive air is often wafted to it, and even when not perceptable is often operating injuriously. Some prepare these conveniencies and cover with loam or other substancies all night soil, so as to do away entirely with all unpleasant and unwholesome effects. Whan this is not the case, charcoal, plaster, chloride of lime, or other disaffectants should be thrown into the vault to obsorb all noxious odors.

Water from the sink should be absorbed in loam, &c., for manure, instead of rising in foul gases and being blown into the house.

There are some cases of malignant and fatal disorders going through a family, while all the rest of the neighborhood are in good health. This is often owing to some local cause, some foul puddle, pool or stagnant pond near the dwelling, or a general negligence as to keeping the premises clean.

Decaying weeds, grass, potatoes affected with the rot, potato tops, pumpkin and other vines, and various productions, are undergoing decomposition in the fall; and in the aggregate the amount is large, and filling the air with pestilential gases. Farmers may do much good to themselves and the community, by burying all such substances, and converting them into manure. Make them into a compost heap, well covered with loam to absorb the gases.

CORN COB MEAL.

We make the following extract from a letter in the Germantown Telegraph. The subject is an important one, and we should be pleased to receive from any of our subscribers who have made use of corn cob meal for feeding cattle or horses, additional information concerning its value and effects:

Some forty years ago this same cob meal notion crept in here, I know not how; and every mill in the neighborhood was obliged to get a peculiar machine to grind corn cobs or lose its custom. In one mill I recollect seeing a heap of corn in the ear of 500 or 600 bushels, which the miller informed me he had taken as toll. I of course with others went with the crowd, and had my feed prepared in the same way. On one occasion I had some hard work for my team, for several weeks and I noticed the horses declining in flesh, notwithstanding I knew they were well and regularly fed. An observant neighbor also called my attention to the altered appearance of the horses, and asked me what they were fed on. I replied, corn cob meal, He advised me to quit it immediately. I did so, and gave them whole corn instead, and in less than two weeks the improved condition of the horses was very perceptible. At the same time I was stall feeding several oxen on the same meal, and from its very apparent effect on the horses, was led to examine how it effected the cattle. One bad consequence I thought was very striking. In going into the stable in the morning, the fetor proved that were more of fermented than of properly digested food. To an observant physician, going into a sick chamber, there is no better test of a deranged state of the stomach and bowels than this circumstance. Now it must be admitted that any animal to thrive and do well, must have nutritious food, and that which is easy of digestion. A part of the corn crop is less liable to be acted on by the gas or juices than than the hardest wood. It is also a well known fact that any substance introduced into the stomach, which is incapable of digestion, disorders it.

I would again ask any rational man, what effect corn bread of which one quarter at least was corn cobs, would have on his stomach? It is also well known, that all animals of which grass and grain are their natural food, have weak digestive powers.

I will now only add, that in less that five years after the first introduction of these cob machines, not one was to be found in any of the mills that used them; if any one

is desirous of trying the experiment, I have no doubt they can be had at a low price, if time and rust have not used them up.

REPLANTING.

It is often the case that very serious injury is effected in the corn field by the ravages of the cut worm; and whenever this is experienced, the farmer should at once introduce some plan which will most readily and profitably supply its place. As the soil of corn fields is generally well prepared and rich, there is no danger of most vegetables failing when introduced into vacant spots. Potatoes are commonly resorted to for this purpose, though I think them less profitable than turnips. Beans answer well, especially the latter varieties, and so do English turnips. They make a fine winter feed for sheep, and are of value if fed off in the fall. Large crops of these turnips are often raised even in fields where the corn has been seriously injured by the worms. If sown in June or July, just before a rain, they will come on rapidly, and as they grow late—long after the harvesting of the corn has been effected they generally have time enough, and though they may not be altogether so large as those produced in open field, and by themselves, they will nevertheless be sound, of excellent quality and flavor.

A late writer that he has known one hundred and fifty bushels of sound turnips, fit for marketing, raised from an acre in this manner, and where the hills of corn were all occupied by corn plants, and these of a robust size. Eighty bushel I think is the largest yield I ever knew under such circumstances. Now supposing this to be the maximum production, and allowing the turnips to be worth one shilling per bushel for sheep—which I am confident is a moderate estimate, we have a crop worth thirteen dollars and a trifle over, almost gratis. The cost of the seed and the sowing will not exceed three shillings, if a proper time is selected; and as to harvesting, the cost is indeed a mere trifle. The tops, if fed to your milch cows, will more than pay this. Equally, or nearly equally profitable results attend the planting of ruty bagas, cabbages, and Swedes. Every inch of prepared soil should produce something of value.—[Germantown Telegraph.

From the American Farmer.

THOUGHTS ON THE CULTURE OF WHEAT.

We do not intend to write an essay on the culture of wheat; but merely to throw out a few suggestions and hints, which we hope may prove serviceable. Should they only lead to reflection, they cannot fail of being productive of good—though their teachings may not be immediately adopted—as reflections once commenced, unfolds to the mind not only the means by which ends may be attained, but arms it with that energy, and that enterprise, which rarely becomes satisfied until the object of its ambition shall have been accomplished.

And while we may be throwing out our own imperfect views upon this subject, we shall call to our aid those of "older and better" farmers than ourself; though we may be permitted to say, none more devoted to the cause of agriculture. Let us then speak first,

Of the Soil—All soils of which wheat may be cultivaeed, should have in their composition more or less of *clay*—from 4 per cent to 10 or 12 per cent more is no disadvantage, provided there be in it also, all the organic substances, in proper portions, as *oxides of iron and maganese, lime, magnesia, po ash and soda, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, chlorine, and animal and vegetable matters.* Of the two latter, which constitute *mould* there should be three per cent. and a trifle more, would be promotive of good results,—hence the advantage derivable from the culture of clover and grass, for the purpose of creating the raw material to form mould out of. With *Dana*, we believe that mould "is essential to the growth and perfection of seed; that without it, crops cannot be raised. that it is as essential to plants, as is food to animals," and that, "so far as nourishment is derived from the soil," mould "is the food of plants."

We have thought much, and after the best reflection which we have been able to give to the subject, we have arrived at the conclusion, that one great cause of the infertility of our lands, arises from the want of *organic* matter—*mould*—in the soil, that being essential alike as a source of food to plants, as to impart to the earth the physical capacity to absorb and retain the riches of the air, and to infuse into it that positive electric power which conduces to decomposition of bodies competent to furnish nutriment to the growing crops. Without organic matter be in it, the soil must remain inert, and is therefore, ill adapted for cultivation. If we be correct in

our opinion, the remedy, in part, is of easy accomplishment—green crops must be sowed and plowed in by those who have not the raw material on their estates, such as peat, marsh and river mud, wood's-mould, leaves, and kindred substances, and these must be warmed into the incipient state of decay, by the application of alkaline or animal matters, before they are applied. To lime or to marl, land in an exhausted state without attending to placing organic matter in in the soil, can never lead to any high state of improvement; both operations must be permitted to go on simultaneously to ensure good and effective results.

Among the mineral elements in wheat soil, none is more indespensible than lime. In Europe, it has been demonstrated, that soils which are rich in everything else, and which bore other crops in luxuriance, refused to grow wheat; but that, after applications of lime they grew in perfection. Pot sh is also indespensible, being a constituent element of the grain, and necessary to form, in combination with sand, the salicate of potash, that substance, which constitutes the outer-coating of the stalks of all the grass family, from corn to the most diminutive kind,—and which enables the wheat plant to stand erect, and support its head of grain; nor is chlorine much less important in this respect, as it serves to temper and give elasticity to the stalk, and thus qualifies it the better to withstand all external pressure. Phosphoric acid, is also highly important as well for the grain as straw; but all these substances, besides most of the others needed may be furnished after the land has been limed or marled, in a few bushels of ashes, say 20 to the acre, or even less, 2 bushels of bones dissolved in sulphuric acid, 2 bushels of refuse salt of the packers, and 1 bushels of plaster.

Clay soils.—If the soil should should be what may be termed, a heavy clay, it should never be plowed when wet; for so sure as it be plowed in that condition, so sure will it not be susceptable in being put in a state fit for the growth of the wheat crop, no matter how much labor may be bestowed in rolling, and harrowing. In despite of the best exertions, it will remain in hardened clods, impermeable alike to the roots of the plants and to atmospheric influence.

Sandy lands are by no means favorable to the growth of wheat; but even such lands, may be made to grow remunerating crops, where they have a heavy growth of clover, or grass upon them. We have seen good crops grown on such lands, where clover-leys, and grass-swards, had been plowed in. But where a farmer has clay, clayey-loam or calcareous clay fields, he had better pass by his sandy fields, and rely upon the former for his wheat crop.

Amendment of sands and clays.—By applying 900 bushels of clay, per acre, to sandy land, the physical defect in its construction may be cured; provided pains be taken to intermix the sand and clay intimately together, by plowing, cross plowing, and repeated harrowings. So may the phisical defect of very stiff clays be remedied by composts formed of peat, other vegetable matters, and lime or marl,—or by growing a few crops of peas, beans, or buckwheat, and plowing them in, and then top-dressing with lime, marl, or ashes. The application of lime, or marl, is to be understood, as being only necessary, where these minerals may be absent from, or only present in the soils to be operated upon, in small quantities.

Draining.—Wet soils should be drained, as no soil which retains in its body a superabundance of water can be very productive, or bear crops of superior quality, no matter of what its constituent element may be comprised. The following practical effects of draining, is summarily given by professor Rodgers:

"1. It carries off all stagnant water, and gives a ready escape to the excess of what falls in rain.

2. It prevents the ascent of water from below, either by capiliary action, or springs.

3. It allows the water of rains to penetrate, and find a ready passage from the soil instead of washing the surface.

4. The decent of water through the soil followed by fresh air, which occupies the space just left by the water.

5. The soil after thorough draining becomes looser, more friable and easily broken; this is especially true of stuborn clays, which in practice becomes altogether another soil.

6. By freeing the soil from excess of water, it becomes warmer, and thereby advances the crop to an earlier harvest: thus it is equivalent to a change of climate.

7. When the autumn is wet, draining carries off the superabundance of water and prepares the land for sowing fall crops, which would otherwise be retarded, or altogether prevented.

8. In its consequences it is equivalent to actual deepening of the soil.

9. In wet soils, bones, wood ashes, rape-

dust, nitrate of soda, and all other artificial manures are thrown away.

10. He who drains confers a benefit upon [himself, family.] and neighbors.

11. It produces a more salubrious climate, and conduces greatly to the health and moral happiness of the whole population." And we will add from prof. Gray:—

That "an excess of moisture prevents the process of decay, or the decomposition of the organic matters in the soil, and thus cuts off a regular supply of food."

The "lands that have an excess of water often become dry and compact in seasons of drought. The roots are thus not only prevented from penetrating the soil and from extending themselves freely in all directions, but the influence of the air, and of the dew, which are so important in dry weather, are almost wholly excluded from them. Hence such soils, especially if they are stiff clays, suffer as much from drought as from excessive moisture."

That "when the roots of plants extend in wet soil, the food is too much diluted, or is not prepared in sufficient quantities to ensure a healthful and vigorous growth. Leaves and ill-formed shoots will sometimes be abundant, instead of flowers and fruit."

That "experience shows that however well a soil may be constituted in its mineral ingredients, and however rich it may be in humus or gein [mould] and salts, no cultivated crop will flourish well unless the surface of the soil, and the soil itself, is made dry during the growth of the crop, and when required to be worked by the plow or the hoe."

Plowing.—Much os the success of a crop depends upon the manner in which land may be plowed and pulverized. If the soil be plowed deep, and the roller and the harrow be plied until a fine tilth be obtained, and there be nourishment in the land, the plants will find it; for in proportion to the division of the soil into minute particles, so will the facilities of the plants to extend their roots in search of food; and that they avail themselves of such facilities, no one, who may have studied their habitudes, will for a moment doubt.

As we said last year we say this:—Land intended for wheat should be plowed at least 8 inches deep, and if it be sound land, not surcharged with water, that it would be benefitted by being subsoiled some 6 or 8 inches more. That land thus prepared would yield in a greatly increased ratio, we do not entertain the slightest doubt. It is perfectly consonant with common sense and reason that it should do so. By deepening the soil the area of the pasture of the plants is increased, and you increase also the facilities for the admission of atmosphere into the soil, and thereby promote its meliorating influence, both upon the soil, and upon the plants; and as a consequence upon the produce. The effect of the oxygen of the air upon soils, cannot be too highly appreciated, as it is one of the great agents, by which decomposition is produced in those substances, in the earth, which contribute to the nourishment of plants; nor are the nitrogen and carbonic acid, which form the other constituents of the atmosphere, less important; nor their admission into the earth less necessary; for though we do not subscribe to the doctrine, that all the ammonia and carbonic acid comes from the air, we believe that a very large share of them do, and hence that it is necessary, in the preparation of our land, that we should make provision for their introduction therin. Fine tilth then and deep plowing, are the conditions necessary to affect this object. But there is another benefit to result;—by having good deep, well pulverized surface soil, the crop suffers less in times of heavy rains, from excess of water, and less from want of moisture, in times of drought. By having an enlarged body of soil to saturate, the rain which falls has a more capacious receptacle, and of course there is a greater difference of the water, which, comparatively protects the roots of the plants from the bad effects of super-saturation,—while in time of drought, the supply of moisture by capiliary attraction, is much increased, the reservoir, whence the supply is derived being larger.

As we are desirous of introducing the opinions of several eminent wheat-growers upon this head of our subject, we shall content ourselves with what we have said, and present the views of the gentleman alluded to, in the hope they may meet with the favorable considerations of our readers.

METHOD OF GROWING WHEAT—BENEFIT OF DEEP PLOWING.

We make the following extracts from a communication of Mr. Linus Cone, which appeared in the Michigan Farmer. In introducing it to the notice of our readers we will simply observe that Mr. Cone has the reputation of being one of the most sucessful wheat growers in the State of Michigan, succeeding often in raising a large crop, when his neighbors fail. His average product for 17 years, would vary but little from 30

bushels per acre. He thus describes his management of one of his fields:

"One other field, containing 11 acres and 140 rods of ground, designated on my farm map No. I, has been cleared, a part of it 25, and a part 21 years, and been cropped after the old shallow, skinning system until nine years ago. Corn and peas had been grown upon it the previous year. It contains a great variety of soils—clay, clayey loam, sandy loam, and about two acres, a deep vegetable mould, resting on a sub-soil of stiff, clayey loam. This part was wet, swampy land, reclaimed by under drains. I had become thoroughly convinced, by repeated experiments on other fields, of the benefit of deep and thorough cultivation, and now concluded to try it on this. About 40 loads of coarse barn-yard manure, 2 or 3 loads from the hog pen, and a load of leached ashes were put on the poorest places. This is all the manure the field ever received, except clover and plaster. The manner of plowing I will describe; it is the way that I generally plow for wheat, except that I now plow but once for a crop. The ground was very dry and hard, the plow a large one, Mason's No. 5, the team 3 yoke of good oxen and a pair of heavy horses forward. The plow was so constructed as to run down to the beam, and when it would not run there of itself, a man stood on the beam to keep it there. All the ground that escaped the plow, around stumps and stones, was afterwards dug up with a shovel. It was harrowed and plowed shallow twice afterward the same way of the furrow.

After the wheat was sown, deep furrows were plowed in every dead furrow and cleared out to the depth of 16 inches. These drains were 3 rods apart. After the first rain, these drains were examined and cleared out, so as to let the water run off. Now for all this labor, I received 516 bushels of good wheat."

Mr. Cone deserves great credit for the thoroughness with which he prepares his land—credit for his courage, in not being frightened by that great bug-bear of many farmers, called the "poison hardpan," or subsoil and we are pleased to find, that his courage was rewarded by so abundant—so generous a product—the average of his field being upwards of 42 bushels and 7 lbs. per acre.

There are *richness in the subsoil which can be found* by any one who will seek for them.

We extract the following from the Transactions of the N. Y. State Agr. Society, being part of the Legislative Agricultural discussions:

Hon. Mr. Lawrence of Yates, stated that "the farmers of Yates improved their land by deep plowing. The farm which he occupied had been rented for many years previously to its coming into his possession, and had been plowed about 4 inches deep, and produced 12 to 15 bushels of wheat per acre. He at once plowed it 6 or 7 inches deep and raised the *first* season 30 bushels of wheat to the acre. It was the general impression in his county, that deep tillage was the best for all crops.

"Lt. Gov. Patterson said his experience was in favor of *deep* plowing. The wheat lands in the Genesee valley, when new, produced about 15 bushels of wheat per acre. They were plowed shallow; the farmers generally, had not then sufficient strength of team to plow deep. Now they plow much deeper than formerly, and obtain from 25 to 30 bushels per acre. In Livingston county, 35 bushels were obtained on some farms. Some farmers now plow 10 inches deep. Deep tillage has many advantages; an important one is, that it enables crops to stand drought."

With respect to *deep plowing*, we deem it fair to observe, that although we have but little dread of the effects to be produced by turning up any reasonable portion of *subsoil*, yet we believe, that prudence would dictate that caution should be observed in deepening dark colored clays. In such soils, the oxide of iron, in a low state of oxidation, frequently abounds, in quantities which might, for a time, prove prejudicial to vegetation. In such lands, it would be best not to increase the depth at any one time more than two inches; and that they should be treated to a top dressing of, say 5 bushels of lime to the acre. It would be well too, to plow such lands early, and harrow them in at intervals, so as to give them the benefit of the decomposing effects of the lime, the atmosphere, and the rains, before seeding them down to wheat. If circumstances permitted, previous exposure to winter frosts would be desirable; though where the increase of depth is not more than two inches; we do not look upon winter exposure as an indispensable pre-requisite to success.

If the field to be seeded to wheat, be a cloverley, or grass-sward, difficulty may be apprehended from cut and wire worms, therefore we would top-dress with a mixture of 3 bushels of freshly slaked lime, and 2 bushels of salt to the acre, some weeks before seeding. If packers' salt can be obtained, the dressing would be a cheap one; but as each would act as manure, besides contributing to the death of the worms, the price of the salt should not be considered an object.

The seeding of wheat to standing corn, we have always looked upon as a slovenly and wasteful practice, at best; but when necessity compels the measure, the seed should be either plowed or cultivated in say from two to three inches deep.

THE ORCHARD.

RANDOM THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS

ON POMOLOGY,

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS, IN ILLINOIS AND THE WEST.

BY JOHN A. KENNICOTT.

Of the Grove, Northfield, Cook county, Illinois, 1850.

To the President and Members of the
American Pomological Congress:

GENTLEMEN:—As little be ter than a self-constituted "committee of one," I have nei her the leisure, subjects before me, or critical knowledge of fruits, sufficient to enable me to produce a creditible, or even another popular report on the Pomology of Illinois.

But, gentlemen, there are subjects intimately connected with our particular branch of rural art and rural science, which I have long and deeply pondered, and that I deem worthy of our consideration, and which may not prove entirely uninteresting, or altogether inappropriate in this connection.

I am bound by promise, and by gratitude for the favor shown a previous paper, to attempt something towards filling the pages of the first volume of our "Transactions." Yet, were it not for the example, the self-educated son of a poor farmer might be pardoned for refusing to obtrude his chance thoughts upon men of talent and education But I am proud of my class, and deem it t e duty of every son of the plow, and the budding knife, who can write, to do his best, to arouse and enlighten his brethren, whose destiny and whose blessing is, that in the sweat of their brow, they shall eat bread, and to whom the earth shall yield her fruits, as the rewards of care and toil alone, and health, and strength, and length of days, home comforts and pleasure, and cheap luxuries shall come with industry and economy, but which will come sooner, and last longer, if a little specific knowledge be added thereto.

I would fain aid better men, in spreading this knowledge, broadcast over the land. But, in truth, though willing enough, I have taken few notes, have few works for reference, and have never a solitary hour for abstracted thought; and though I write much, errors are unavoidable, and "good letters" or literary merit, cannot be expected, and unless you indulge me in a little reasonable latitude, in the choice of subjects, I fear this paper will prove anything but instructive or interesting.

I promise you, however, that *I* will not travel far "out of the record," or in the least over-step the bounds of that broad field, in which we are all laborers; and from which the farmer draws the rough food and clothing of the million; while we but gratify the refined taste of the few, though we hope to aid in spreading a healthful and delicious "dessert" for all, and if we cannot cause the peasant to "dine like a prince," we will help him to dine as well; while we try to seat every farmer, (and every mechanic, with a rood of ground) "under the shade of his own vine" and apple tree, and pile his plate, and fill his cup more healthfully, and as abundantly, and with such fruits, and their "pure juice" as few princes can command.

I will, therefore, with your permission, offer in the first place, a few words on grape culture in Illinois, and the effects of wine growing on our national habits of intemperance.

And if we *can*, in reality, unite pleasure with profit, and measurably gratify appetite, while at the same time, we work a great improvement in the general health, and bring certain aid to the cause of NATIONAL TEMPERANCE REFORM, by substituting *wine for whiskey* as a beverage, we shall accomplish a great thing, though, I freely admit that it were better still, *could* we abolish both, instead of substituting a lesser for the greater evil.

> "Sweet is the vintage, when the show'ring grapes
> In Bacchanal profusion, reel to earth,
> Purple and gushing"—

and choice fruits, and pure wines are food and medicines, and permitted luxuries that few will be apt to question or decline.

I have lately made a rapid though extensive reconnoisance of the valley of the Upper Illinois, its sources and tributaries, and I was really astonished at the great and evident capabilities of this extensive region for the profitable cultivation of the grape, and the probable success in wine growing, which will follow the general introduction of the vine.

Take the Kankakee and our canal from about Joliet, and you will find many "bluffs" or steep river banks, where the lime rock underlies the whole country, and shows itself along the streams. The soil is here deep, fertile, dry and friable, the seamy rock immediately below the surface, acting as a most perfect drain, and the southern and southeastern aspect afforded by the right bank, are the most glorious exposures for the vine I ever saw.

And, then our climate is, on the whole, very propitious when you get beyond the influence of

"our cold lake winds" of spring and early summer. The grape cannot abide either "wet feet" or too much rain, and fortunately our summers are generally dry, and our autumns almost always so, and quite hot and protracted withal. In fact, the autumn is ever our most delightful season, and at the north, at least, our enjoyment of it, is little marred by sickness, or a great pressure of farm work; we shall, therefore, have plenty of time, and a good season for our vintage, and if we make a good wine, we shall find a good home market, and good prices, for all the State can produce.

But for a few facts. At Lockport, I have seen the grape doing well with a bad exposure. At Ottawa, I saw it doing admirably on a southern sloap; Mr. H. L. Brush, of Ottawa, has quite a vineyard of (2 acres) Catawba and Isabella grapes mostly three years old. His vines were in July, literally loaded with rich clusters of the most perfect fruits. His vines are simply trained to low stakes, and moderately cultivated, with no "summer prunning," so far as I observed.

I may here remark, that Mr. Brush is also paying great attention to the strawberry, and the sweet potato, the alluvion at the base of these bluffs, being admirable for both crops. In this latter business, Mr. Brush has one worthy competitor near by, Mr. Jabob Smith, of Lockport, who has, for some time supplied Chicago with good sweet potatoes, and divided the strawberry market with our Dr. Egan.

South of Ottawa, though the vine appears to grow a little better, and if anything, to bear more profusely, I am inclined to think the grapes are more subject to the great enemy, mildew, and certainly are, to the expedmic pest, the rose-bug.

Were it not for the rot and the rose-bug, wine growing in central and southern Illinois would not be in the least problematical; and the bug may be shaken from the vines, and destroyed; and proper cultivation, and cultivation *at the proper time*, may prevent the rot, which I think is very much like gout, dyspepsia, &c.,—a disease of repletion and improper (medical?) horticultural interference.

For example: I saw in and about Springfield, and in other places, much rot, where the vine had received high culture, and *more*, where the leaves had been stripped off to let in the sun, to the unripe fruit, while those in the poorest soils, and most neglected, appeared more free from disease, and certainly sufficiently productive.

That the extensive cultivation of our native grapes for making wine, will mark an era in our health and habits, I cannot doubt. That we are not a healthy people at the present time, all must admit; and that intemperance is almost a national vice—and certainly a national evil—no one will deny.

Reliable statistics, and incidental history show that there is less intemperance, and less employment for physicians in wine growing countries than in those where distilled spirits are freely used.

Here the poor man drinks whiskey because it is cheap, and readily obtained, and is often thrust upon him, in places remote from markets, in exchange for corn—and upon the whole, it must be conceded, that whiskey is not as rapid and obviously pernicious in its effects, as rum and brandy; few persons really liking it well enough to imbibe it in sufficient quantities to cause disease and death, in a manner so plain, as to alarm whiskey drinkers; though a large amount of misery, and a startling per centage of the annual deaths, the physician traces, directly or indirectly to *whiskey*. And yet men will have something to *stimulate*, and will often take enough to intoxicate, and the first *cost* of the article used, s always considered, before any other circumstance attending its use; but as the people become better educated, they will judge more correctly, and see the evils of intemperance in other phases besides the immediate drain on the pocket, and the temporary insanity of drunkenness.

I hold that *Physiology* should be taught in our common schools, as well as sufficient *chemistry*, to show our children the constituents and nature of animals and plants, as well as the food that nourishes them—mankind will then see that alcohol contains no necessary nutriment, and that its action on the human system is always pernicious and often fatal.

If pure native wines were made as plentiful and cheap as in the wine districts of France, I have little doubt that the use of rum and whiskey would soon become unfashionable; and I feel assured that the consequent use of wine as a substitute, would immediately, in many instances, add 20-100 per cent. to the average longevity of our laboring population; and a larger figure in those lamentable cases where men who know better—the educated and talented—fall before the temptation.

I venture this statement after much thought and painful investigation. Most of my conclusions are drawn from personal observations and

experience, and my views are warranted by history and the sciences. It is well known, that *pure wines do not intoxicate*, unless taken in enormous quantities, compared with spirits, and even then, their effects are much less pernicious, than would be half the corresponding proportion of brandy.

Claret, for example, contains about seven per cent. of alcohol, so that in a pint of it, there is really but little more than the fourth of a gill of spirits, and that so modified by its chemical combinations with the juices of the grape, that it has not the "heady" of intoxicating properties of alcohol, but merely exhilerates, and temporarily braces and invigorates the whole system, much after the manner, though more permanently than the "laughing gas."

But do not misunderstand me. I much doubt if this, or any other stimulant *ever* adds aught to the sum total, of either physical or mental energy, or usefulness, though it may add much to both, under certain circumstances of depression, for a short given period; and the moderate use of pure wines, similar to claret, may not be attended with any serious consequences.

I do not claim that wine is *necessary*, or even often useful, except for a *substitute* for more pernicious beverages, and questionable medicine in general use. We should most unquestionably, as a general rule, be healthier, happier, longer-lived and more intellectual, were we to abandon the habitual use of all stimulants and narcotics—tea, coffee, beer, tobacco, alcohol and opium; and even spices, perhaps.

So it were better for all to be temperate in eating—comfortable, instead of fashionable in dress—constant in exercise and cleanliness of person—natural in habits, and cheerful in disposition, as well as virtuous charitable learned and wise. But as practical men, we must take the world as it is; take a common sense view of things—and in our efforts for improvement and reform, attempt that only, which is clearly practicable, and not waste our labor, and expend our feelings of benevolence on abstractions or theories, however beautiful or *possible*, whose ends we cannot reasonably hope to attain in practice. And this great illusion of the nineteenth century, is, I much fear, beyond the power of our "ex parte" reasoning and benevolent persuasion.

I therefore, recommend arguments as palpable as the evil we combat; and as bitter pills are coated with sugar, I advise delicious and acceptable persuasion, instead of sweeping denunciation, which seldom make true converts to a good cause.

I advocate TEMPERANCE and the VINE, and do not condemn tea and coffee, or even tobacco in all cases; but tolerate these lesser evils which we cannot prohibit, for the sake of the greater good, which we are sure to attain, by permitting these, and a return to a primitive beverage—"the pure juice of the grape"—though I acknowledge that the good would be perfect, *could we return to pure water instead.*

THE CLIMATE OF ILLINOIS, &c.—That our climate is, as I have before stated, one of the most variable and uncertain of any in the world, we have had abundant evidence the past and present season. There is but one good feature upon which we can count with any kind of certainty in summer, and another in autumn. There is almost always a breeze in the prairies in summer, and frost is long delayed, and our "Indian summer" lingers with us in the fall, as if to compensate for the roughness of spring and the extremes of winter.

The winter of 1849-'50 was as cold as any previous one within my knowledge. In the city of Chicago, a self-registering instrument—not in a current of air—marked 17 deg. below zero, at Christmas. From a little north and west of this point, I have 3 deg. lower, and also 98 deg. above in the shade. And as in 1848-'49, I have rather questionable authority for the extremes of 30 deg. below zero, and 102 deg above in the shade. While across the lake, near St. Joseph, Mich., the mercury did not sink to zero. This is about fifty miles east of Chicago.

This great difference in temperature is, of course, due to the ever-open water of Lake Michigan, which intervenes—though air, *when confined*, is a non-conductor of heat, when its particles are in motion, and passing over water perhaps 60 deg. warmer than its stream—this remarkable increase of temperature can readily take place, though but an approximation to the equilibrium which would have been established between good conductors; of course, the extent of the difference will depend mainly upon the rapidity of the passage of the lighter and cooler medium over the warmer and denser one—the actual relative difference having less to do in the proportionate result than the *time* and the quantity of particles in contact. Had the air of our Chicago Christmas passed over the lake, as rapidly as at some times, 'tis more than probable that Mr. Hoyt would have had a lower figure to register.

Our coldest weather, in this county, was from

about a week before, to near a week after the 1st of January. Some give Christmas as the coldest day, others different days up to the 4th of January. The air has its currents and eddies, its "ebbs and floods" like the ocean, and the slightest cause, and a brief distance may make a great difference in the markings of the thermometer.

What the termination of the autumn of 1850 is to be, no man can tell; but the commencement of it has been disagreeable and disastrous in the extreme—the very counterpart of our spring and early summer, which were the dryest ever known.

About the 28th of August (though we had an introductory tornado and hail storm before) there commenced a series of storms, which have wasted this whole region, and filled the low lands and prairie "saggs" and "sloughs" more overflowingly than our heaviest winter and spring freshets.

Potatoes, that had apparently escaped the usual disease, are now, September 20th, nearly *all* rotten, or rotting in the ground; and the rot is, I should say, due to the rains, acting of course on the debilitated and predisposed constitution of the tuber.

Unstacked and temporarily secured oats and wheat have been spoiled or wasted, and much of the mown, and more of the unmown prairie grasses—upon which we mainly depend for wintering stock—are, or have been, under water and worthless; a melancholy illustration of the old saying, "one extreme follows another."

H. L. Brush, of Ottawa, writes that on the 4th of January, the mercury fell to 11 deg. below zero; and he gives that as his lowest mark. If so, the cold current must have passed around his place; as from but little north of there I have much lower figures.

I saw only an occasional specimen of fruit on peach trees, even 15 miles south of Ottawa, and if I remember, *none* there. I therefore conclude that Mr. B. did not observe the coldest morning, which was before the 4th of January, because I consider the death of the peach bud, on well matured wood, not prematurely started, a *certain* evidence that the cold has been equal to about 15 deg. below zero.

The last one of our dryest, and most delicious of our usually delightful autumns. The wood of trees and shrubs was most thoroughly ripened, and was not excited to an untimely action at any time. The proof of this is found in the fact that not a twig of wood was killed on peach or nectarine, though the flower buds on these were *all* dead here, and even the plum and cherry developed but few flowers, except on some of the hardiest seedlings.

There were buds enough formed; on the branch of a peach, accidentally buried in December, and disinterred in April, there was a mass of flowers and some fruit. The same last year on branches buried in snow, and also on some trees screened from the morning sun and from cold winds, there were a very few specimens of fruit on exposed branches.

Our coldest winter winds are from the west. In this direction there is no open water in winter—no elevation of note—or timber of sufficient density or extent, to interrupt or modify the stream of cold air that rushes down from the Rocky Mountains and traverses a thousand miles of bleak and naked prairie, which radiates or exchanges no heat with the current, ever growing denser and gathering more force, until it comes upon us in this angle or bay of the grand prairie, "butt end foremost," and as cold as though it had blown out of Siberia, or over icebergs, instead of the back bone, or the semi-deserts of temperate North America.

Altitude and aspects are not sufficiently considered in this cold excitable climate. The greater specific gravity of cold air tends to keep it in the valleys, on still nights, during all seasons; though a current of air may draw through a valley and prevent frost in summer or spring, when its icy fingers are busy on the heights, and radiation may be interrupted locally, and save a low spot that ought not to escape according to the above rule.

So also slight irregularities in the general surface of the country, and especially the occasional groves of timber, crowning the highest elevations, do unquestionably sometimes turn the cold stream aside, and thus make a difference of several degrees in the same vicinity.

But, after all, the general rule holds good, and you will find killing frost ten times in the lowest to once in the highest situations. Peaches much oftener fail in the low lands than on the high swells in this region.

And here again aspect does as much as a preventive to loss from cold. The *frost* does not cause death in all cases, though it does in many, and predisposes to death in the others, where the *thawing*, when rapid, is alone to blame. Rapid transitions, rather than extremes produce the mischief.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

THE CHINA BOYS.

Quite a large number of the Celestials have arrived among us of late, enticed hither by the golden romance which has filled the world. Scarcely a ship arrives here that does not bring an increase to this worthy integer of our population. And we hear by China papers and private advices from that empire, that the feeling is spreading all through the seaboard, and as a consequence nearly all the vessels that are up for this country are so for the prospect of passengers. A few Chinaman have returned, taking home with them some thousands of dollars in California gold, and have thus given an impetus to the feeling of emigration from their father land, which is not likely to abate for some years to come.

Through their Chief here, and their Agent, Mr. Woodward, they have got possession of a large tract of land on the Moquelume, which they have commenced cultivating, and are fast settling it. They are among the most industrious, quiet, patient people among us. Perhaps the citizens of no nation except the Germans are more quiet and valuable. They seem to live under our laws as if born and bred under them, and already have commenced an expression of their preference by applying for citizenship, by filling their intentions in our courts. What will be the extent of the movements now going on in China and here is not easily foreseen. We shall undoubtedly have a very large addition to our population, and it may not be many years before the Halls of Congress are graced by the presence of a long queued Mandarin sitting, and voting, and speaking beside a Don from Santa Fe, and Kenaker from Hawaii.

While writing the above, a letter from a Chinese in China, to a China Boy in this country, has been shown us by Mr. Gregory, and it will be forwarded by his Express to the Indian Gulch where its Celestrial recipient is digging gold and will feel himself happy by the news from home. Many letters pass to and fro between China and California, and at each departure of ships for the Celestrial Empire, its children here send off to their friends beyond the Pacific great numbers of California papers. It may be seen how intercourse is increasing and knowledge extending. The day of fencing the world and information out of China has forever passed away. The glitter of our gold has passed the gates of the cousin of the sun and moon and the disciples of Confucius are coming and have been coming to qualify his philosophy with the wisdom of Washington and the utility of Franklin.

Gradually their woodenshoes give way to the to the manufactures of Lynn, and kindle a fire for barbecueing a rat dinner. The long queue eventually passes away before the tonsorial scissors, and stuffs a saddle or is woven into a lariat. The yard wide nankeen unmentionables are found unsuited to our windy climate and neat-fashions, and are succeeded by a much better fit. Hats and other American garments succeed and soon the chief distinction consists in the copper color, the narrow angular eyes, the peculiar gibberish, and beardless faces. When these national costumes shall have passed away, national predjudices, whether of politics, moral or religion, are pretty certainly on their road to amalgamation. The China Boys will yet vote at the same polls, study at the same schools and bow at the same altar as our own countrymen.

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A CONSCIENTIOUS DOG.

My father had a dog of the Spanish breed whose name was Ponto. Now Ponto, though decidedly "waggish" in one point, had given evidence of being more religious than many of his canine neighbors. True, he would never "turn the other cheek;" and consequently, while he had a good character with the Peace Society, he was scouted by the non-resistants. But Ponto was always regular at church, and in one instance at least, gave evidence that he went there with an idea that honesty and religion had some connection with each other. He was safe enough in this notion, for an honester dog than he never barked. Ponto also walked into church with the rest of the family, though he invariably took his seat on the lower stair of the sacred desk, and not the oldest in the congregation remembered when that seat was vacant.

I ought to have remarked sooner, that Ponto had but one enemy in the world; the deacon of the church, our next neighbor. I forget the cause—perhaps some slander against Ponto in the days of his puppyhood, when it must be confessed he was too much addicted to fun to comport with a deaconish idea of propriety.

Be that as it may, Ponto growled at no one but Deacon Drury, and the deacon threw at nothing so furiously as at Ponto. If either exemplified the golden rule it was Ponto. So things stood a certain time when the good pastor was called away for a long journey. But, parson or no parson, the family went to church as usual, the following Sabbath, and none with a longer face or more gracious step than Ponto. His accustomed seat was taken; and when the congregation rose for the early morning prayer, Ponto rose with the rest, as he had always done, and stood with his eyes closed and open ears, waiting for the word of supplication. To the utter astonishment of no one but Ponto, the word came in the voice of his old enemy, the pious deacon! If the big bible had fallen on Ponto's tail he could not have looked with a more rapid glance than he cast upward to the pulpit. He fixed his eyes on the deacon, as if to be sure of the sacrilege and then

with a look of pio is horror which I shall never ferget, and a step as fast as the sanctity of the place would allow, he passed out of the house, nd took a by-path home across the fields, and from that day, as long as he liv d, he could never be flattered or exhorted to enter the church door again.

EDUCATION.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

There are relatively few teachers who enjoy good and pleasant rooms in which children are assembled to be taught. As much as this is to be regretted, there are other things, and such as come directly under the control of the instructor, that might be made pleasant and attractive, which are suffered to remain otherwise. If the Trustees do not furnish a good school house, it may be because the district refuses to provide one. Such as it is, the teacher can always do much, notwithstanding the inconvenience and uncomeliness of the old house, to render it a place where the children and youth of the distr ct will love to resort and spend the hours of the school session.

In the first place, keep the school-room clean and well ventilated. This every teacher can, and therefore should see faithfully attended to. If the floor be carpeted with mud, and the seats and desks covered with a thick coat of dust, it will be impossible to keep good order under such disadvantages. Scolding and flogging combined can never do it.

In the second place, never allow the children to make a play-house of the school-room. Always require of them to come in orderly, and to remain so whether the teacher be present or not.

Never permit a boy to wear his hat or cap in the room where he is to study and recite and receive instruction from his master or mistress. Observation and experience both the importance of this doctrine. If a boy, however rude and boisterous he may be, on entering the school room on a cold morning, finds it swept, garnished, warmed and ventilated, and the teacher there ready to greet him with a hearty and sympathetic, "good morning," my boy—I am real glad to see you here so early with a cheerful face," he will be very likely to obey his teacher, and love to go to school. But reverse all these circumstances, and the teacher has more than he can do to make that boy mind,—for he has no regard for the place, no reverence for any body in it or about it.

When a boy, it was required of us and of every pupil on entering the school room, that he should make his obeisance to his teacher, and the same order was to be observed on leaving. We believe this was a good custom, and that it had a good influence on the character of the future individual. Much of the roughness, and want of reverence pertaining to the rising generation, is owing in a measure to the neglect of little things of the kind named. The titles, Mr., Miss and Mrs. were then employed, especially in speaking of elder persons, and it was also common to use the little words, "sir" and "ma'am" after the monosyllables, "yes" and "no." But habits have very much changed concerning these little amenities of life, and greatly for the worse, we think.

Good behavoir, agreeable and pleasing manner, true politeness, regard and reverence for age and elevated station, all spring from the goodness of the heart. Their counterfeits may be, and are learned and acquired to be employed as a mask for certain occasions, but they are valueless when heartless.

Every teacher should seek to make his school-room the most attractive place, next to home, that the child visits, and himself the most endeared one to the child's heart, after that first place, which should be filled with love for father and mother whom he should honor and obey. A log school-house with a true teacher, one every way qualified to adorn his vocation by his labors, is more to be desired by a parent, than a palace with a heartless, indifferent sort of a person for an instructor. An apt teacher, one who loves his profession, will suceed in his noble work under almost every combination of outward circumstances, while the inapt one will fail of success, no matter how propitious the influences by which he is surrounded. As the light and heat of the sun make this a productive, cheerful and beautiful world, so does the light beaming from the face of the real teacher, send joy, peace, happiness and rejoicing to all hearts that come within its genial and life giving power, though these be confined in what would otherwise be an unpropitious place. —[Moore's Rural New Yorker.

VALLEY FARMER.

EPHRAIM ABBOTT, Editor.

Editor's Office and Printing Office, 161 Fourth street

ST. LOUIS, APRIL, 1851.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We are indebted to Rev. Dr. Wheeler, President of this Society, for a copy of the "Proceedings of the Horticultural Convention, held at Burlington Vt. Feb. 11, 1851," which resulted in the organization of the Society. A most excellent constitution and code of by-laws were adopted and we doubt not that much good will be accomplished by the society, not only in improveing the fruits and vegetables of it own section, but in its influence upon the country at large. We hope to hear a good report of its doings at the next seesion of our National Fruit Congress. On accepting the presidency of the Society. Dr. WHEELER made some very just remarks upon the connection between Horticulture and Agriculture:

"In assuming the duties of the office, Pres. W., begged permission to say, that in his opinion the relation of horticulture, including pomology, arborculture, and kindred subjects, to the progress and prosperity of agriculture was not fully understood, was not practically considered as should be. Doubtless agriculture was the first and most important interest in the State, though not the only important or vital interest. But the way and the means of its progress was not found so exclusively within the bounds of its own fields as was often supposed. Its connection with horticulture was closer and its dependence greater than was thought. Agriculture did not and could not give such minute and accurate attention to soils and to planting. and to fertilizing substances, as was found essential in horticultural labors. Nor could experiments be performed with the same facility and accuracy, or watchfulness, in the field as in the garden. The results could not be so constanly watched, nor so patiently examined. In relation then to the progress of Agriculture, the great and vital interest of the whole community, horticulture is of the greatest value. And although the productions of the garden are often brought forth with a degree of care, and labor, and expense which it is impossible to give to a wide field, still it is by these operations that we learn what may be done, how we can do it and what it will cost to do it. This knowledge is necessary to the successful introduction of any new mode of culture, or any new production.

The way of progress, Mr W. said, in all kinds of industrial life, is first, the distinct idea or purpose to be labored for; then its realization under successful conditions, on a small scale: and then its adoption at large by the whole country. He that has the idea the most complete, in his mind, and can realize it most successfully however small the scale may be, is the greatest benefactor. Milton's idea of the Garden of Eden, in the "Paradise Lost," is said, on high authority to have changed the whole face of landscape gardening in England. No one acquainted with what it was before that idea was unfolded, and what it is now, can doubt the truth of the assertion. No one can look over Landon's "Laying out of Farms," without being struck with the impossibility of its production, by that eminent man, except there had been a previous experimental knowledge of horticulture, and of landscape gardening, which had come down from the passing generations, with the land itself—a previous traditionary knowledge, which agriculture itself never could have produced. And any one who examines Landon's "Encyclopedia of Gardening," cannot but see that the beds for the experiments, in the production of the soil, are to be found in the gardens and not in the wide fields."

TEMPERANCE AND THE VINE.—The Editor of the *Horticulturist* makes the following sensible remarks upon this subject:

"Very few Americans except those who have traveled abroad, estimate properly the moral value of pure light wines—because *pure* wines very rarely find their way across the Atlantic.

Containing as hocks and clarets do, only about eight or nine per cent of alcohol, they are far more wholesome than coffee; and the cheap productions of such wines will do more to decrease the consumption of ardent spirits than any other circumstance. Neither law nor morals can be brought to bear upon the present age so as to force men to be entirely temperate—but the introduction of wholsome, pure light wines, at a cheap rate will—as there is an abundant proof in the wine districts of Europe. It is for this reason, as well as because we look upon it as a source of national wealth, that we regard the successful labors of such men as Mr. Longworth and Mr Buchanan, in introducing and perfecting the wine

culture, as worthy of the highest public gratitude.

BAD FARMING.

The following extract of a letter to the Valley Farmer, is from a farmer residing in one of the best farming regions in the State, and we fear that the picture he draws will answer with very "little variations" for many other sections of this and the adjoining States. At any rate, we defy the most ingenious of our readers to locate the residence of the writer, from any peculiar faults or short-comings, which exist among his neighbors:

Mr. Editor:—I regret exceedingly, living, in a fine farming country as I do, that there is not more of interest to communicate. But so it is, and so it will be I fear, unless there can be something done for our old-time farmers. One that rides through some parts of our country, would be convinced of the necessity of reformation. Many of the farmers are in rather a dilapidated condition—the soil, exhausted by the cultivation of some ten or twelve years, never having been remunerated one farthing. They manure? not they. They "have'nt the time." Those farms and many others that are older, have never had a gate on them, have'nt time for that" either, yet consume more time in two years, in pulling down and putting up fences, than it would take to make all the gates necessary for the farm, besides being plagued with the stock that will break through, or rather step over, fences so pulled and hauled.

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Sioux Treaty.—The treaty with the Sioux Indians has been finally concluded, and the government has secured the entire valley of the Minnesota, and the eastern tributaries of the Sioux river, estimated to contain 21,000,000 acres of land.

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Hedge Row Wheat.—A few days since we received a couple heads of wheat from a correspondent up north of us, accompanied with the following note:

"I send two heads of wheat of a species called Hedge Row. It has not done well this season being afflicted with what is called the rot or scab. It has not troubled other kinds of wheat and the cause is not known. Some think that it is done by a small black insect, half the size and full as nimble as a flea. Others suppose it caused by rain; the head being so large and compact as to retain the wet and not dry out as soon as other wheat,"

Will any of our correspondents give us information on this subject? The heads sent us were all well filled with a plump heavy kernal, and aside from the disease, we should judge it to be a very good variety.

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Seventeen Year Locusts.—The hum of this singular insect fills the woods and gardens of Maryland at the present time, and the country is alive with them. Though the Seventeen year Locusts only appear during this long interval, the people of the districts favored by the visitation, congratulate themselves that the visits are so few and far between—for neither the careless drone of the insect, nor the havoc it causes in plowing up the young branches of trees, are among the pleasant experiences of country life.

It is a mistake of many persons to suppose this insect feeds on vegetation. It feeds upon nothing during its three or four weeks of existence above ground but is occupied solely with paring, singing its song, (or more correctly beating its drum—which is really the way in which the sound is made,) and laying its eggs in the tender branches of trees. These young branches which finally strew the ground beneath the trees, fall from the trees, broken by the wind at the weak place made by the punctures of the female in laying her eggs—and are not eaten off by the insect as many suppose. The actual food of the Seventeen Year Locusts is made long beforehand and consists of the roots of trees, as it appears with careful examination of naturalists. Miss Morris, of Germantown, well known for her investigation of insect habits, has well settled the point that these locusts are a busy devourer of the roots of trees when they descend and take up their long abode underground. She thinks from examination of the roots of many trees in the locust districts, that the larvæ do more harm upon the roots of trees in this way, than the full-grown insects do upon the branches. Doubtless many a fine tree, whose decline is a source of surprise and perplexity to the cultivator, is the prey of these creatures at the root.

Fortunately the *Cicada Septendecim* does not occur all over the country at once—but in different portions upon different years. There is no longer any question, however, as to the fact that each brood remains seventeen years under the surface of the earth. The insect is not a true locust like our annual insect of that name, or those which ravage the East, devouring the herbage, but a *Cicada* or larvant fly—equally as large and a good deal resembling a true locust.—[Horticulturist.

THE MISMANAGER.

WITH NEAT STOCK.

No man has a more active and inate conciousness that each branch of business needs to be spoiled after its own particular fashion than the mismanager. There are adaptions in this as in other things; and to ruin all sorts of business alike would be absurd. The rearing, fattening, and sale of cattle and horses is a peculiar business, has its own laws for success,—and though connected at many points with other branches of farming, still stands by itself a business. Hence your man who knows how to mismanage a wheat field, or who might easily spoil an orchard, cannot of course do up this business in the same way, although his qualifications in one branch might be, prima facia, evidence of his possessing them in another.

The first bold lead which the mismanager makes in the rearing of stock is his utter despisal of what is called "blood." He is not a believer in a "natural aptitude to fatten" among neat cattle. His idea of all cattle is, that each cow, steer, or ox, has a bony structure, on which hangs the carcase —a hide covering all in place of a garment —a certain quantity of meat hung to the bones and covered by the skin—a set of teeth, with a throat leading to the stomach of some sort opening into the intestinal apparatus,—by which, food being well supplied, the whole body is nutrified and kept in motion. That more meat is held to one part of the body than another, may be true of all cattle: and that one steer may have more good meat and less poor than another may be so, for ought he knows, but that is a very mysterious matter which he does not understand and in fact cannot take the trouble to comprehend. Oxen grow, we do not make them, he replies. How should we have any business to say that we will have cattle of one shape of another as we would of a plow we were about to build. His notion is that what you give cattle makes them fat or lean, good or bad, large or small, and that is about the whole story. These being his ideas his breeding stock is of a singular heterogeneous character. He attains at least the excellenec of variety, —and still there is a similarity somewhat like that recognised by the inmate of the lunatic asylum, who imagined himself "king of the Moguls." This fancied king dined daily on broths, in fact, but in his own fancy on all regal dishes, of fish, flesh and fowl,—though he remarked in a somewhat under key, that all he eat "had somehow the taste of broth." There is a provoking similarity amid all the variety, in the pasture of the mismanager. All his cows have large necks large legs, and large heads. So all their produce have their principal weight in their fore, rather than than their hind quarters. But as he sells to the drover and not to the butcher he does not think much of the difference. He sells "the whole animal and not his quarters."

Another of his cardinal ideas relate to feed. He has heard of animals which attain "early maturity." He does not like that phrese,—it conveys no intelligible idea to his mind. Does not every animal grow as fast as he can,—and what can a man do but give the beast enough to eat?" There is another phrase at which he gets impatient and that is "keep the animal always growing." As if a calf would not grow faster at one time than another,—and as though he would not "get his growth" any how.

The mismanager is observed never to give much attention to young stock. Calves can take care of themselves,—colts can get their living in the street and save pasturage. He wants all his best fodder for his larger cattle, about to be marketed, where it "will tell" in selling. The calves can be attended to, by and by, when they need it more. Major Bunkum living near by, is in the same business,—he gives his most careful attention to his calves, thinking that if he can get them through the first year strong and healthy, they will be likely to take care of themselves, with a good chance after that. His yearlings are twice as heavy as those of the mismanager, and his beefs weigh in the same proportion; and Major Bunkum thinks the difference is mostly made the first year. He gets too a fifth more per hundred for his cattle than our friend, who thinks it must cost him that,—for does not a big ox cost more than a little one?

The mismanager never shelters his cattle. Were not the beasts made to carry their shelter with them? look at the wild horses and the wild goats, who shelters them?

INDIAN CORN.

The valley of the Illinois river is one of the best Corn growing districts of the Union. There is scarcely a limit to its capacity for the production of this article. Previous to the completion of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, St. Louis offered the only market accessible to that region of country, as the nature of corn does not admit of its transit through high Southern latitudes during the summer months, of course it was not dealt in to any great extent beyond the immediate demand for home consumption. This absence of an export business always kept prices at a point too low to stimulate to increased production, and consequently the farmers along the Illinois river did not engage in its culture to any extent beyond a sufficiency for fattening their pork.

The opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, however, furnished the people with a northern outlet for their productions. The price of corn at once advanced at all the shipping points on the river, and as it is both a prolific and certain crop, as well as one that can be procured and harvested with comparatively but little labor, its production has been very largely increased. We have no means of ascertaining the quantity which reached this place by canal the first year after its opening. Since then, however, we have kept an accurate record ourselves, from which we make up the following figures:

RECEIPTS OF CORN BY CANAL.

1849 - - -	717,936	bushels.
1850 - - - -	249,510	"
1851 up to July 1st.,	1,161 539	"

The year 1850, it will be remembered, was an anomalous one in the trade of breadstuffs. Short crops at the South, and the concentration of large bodies of emigrants on the western frontier for some weeks, all of whom purchased their outfit of provisions to last them to California at St. Louis and its neighboring towns, occasioned an unusual scarcity in that and other southern markets, and the unprecedented high prices which were obtained, drew in that direction much produce that would otherwise have sought a northern market. We refer to this fact to account for the falling off in the receipts of corn at this place during that year. It was an unusual state of facts which led to this result, and is not likely to occur to so great an extent at any future period. We may therefore confidently expect a steady increase hereafter in this branch of our city's trade. There are yet immense tracts of country in the great corn and wheat growing region of the State, bordering upon the Illinois river, lying in their native wilderness. Every year will witness large encroachments made upon them by the hand of cultivation, and their teeming products must pass through the hands of Chicago dealers.

What quantity yet remains in first hands and what proportion of it will reach Chicago, are points upon which we will not venture an opinion. The withdrawal of so large a quantity from a region of country that has hitherto mainly supplied the St. Louis market, has occasioned an advance there of late. This will unquestionably divert a portion of what yet remains over in that direction, but how much, operators must determine for themselves.

The following statement shows the amount received here each month during the present season:

March, - - - - - -	94,648	bushels.
April, - - - - - - -	128,921	"
May, - - - - - - -	387,906	"
June, - - - - - - -	550,064	"
Total, - - - - - -	1,161,539	

We desire in this connection to remind our friends of middle and southern Illinois that the canal is doing good service for them as well as us; we speak now with reference to corn alone. Not only has it furnished them with a better market than they have hitherto relied upon, but it has actually improved the St. Louis market; so that those who are too far south to use the canal are indirectly benefitted by it in every wagon load of corn that they take to market. It is thus that this great work, although lying within a very small portion of our State, extends its beneficial influences over our whole people.

The completion of the Chicago branch of the Centrail Railroad will add greatly to the corn trade of Chicago. It will pass through equally as good a corn growing region as is that contigious to the Illinois river, besides passing within plank road distance of the famous Wabash Valley.

In view of these facts, there are two considerations that should be impressed upon the minds o those of our citizens engaged in the grain trade. First, they should prepare for its increase, and secondly they should introduce such improvements in their machinery as will entirely clean it of all foreign substances. This latter is necessary to maintain the credit of Illinois corn in the Buffalo and New York markets; and if it be done we are very confident that it will always stand Number One in comparison with any other corn that goes down the lakes.—*Chicago Democrat.*

STATE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.

The premiums heretofore announced by Mr. Jackson Farrar, lesse of the State Tobacco Warehouse, were yesterday awarded. The occasion caused a large attendance of shippers and manufacturers, and the bidding was spirited.

Twenty-six hogsheads were offered for the premiums, one of which was subsequently withdrawn, and the remainder sold The premiums offered by Mr. Farrar were—$50 each for the best hogshead of manufacturing and shipping leaf and $25 each for the second best hogshead of manufacturing and shipping. The committee awarded first premium for manufacturing to W. J. Day, of Callaway county, and second premium to R. C. Fortune of Pike county, first premium shipping to P. C. W. Edwards, of Pike county; and second to Mr. S. Abbott, also of Pike county. Out of the four premiums, three were awarded to the growth of Pike county, and the first to Callaway.

The first premium manufacturing leaf was grown by Mr. W. J Day, of Callaway county, and bought by Messrs. Lewis & Bro., manufacturers of this city, $35 per 100 lbs. It was sold through the agency of Messrs. Booth & Hubbard, and pronounced by those capable to judge, a very superior article. Premium $50 which was paid by Mr. Farrar.

The second premium hhd. shipping was grown by Mr. P. C. W. Edwards, of Pike county, and bought by Mr. Fife, of this city, at 7 65 per 100 lbs. It was sold through the agency of F. P. Chiles, Esq,. Premium, $50.

The second premium hhd. manufacturing, grown by R. C. Fortune, of Pike county, was purchased by Messrs. Lewis & Bros., at the rate of $20 per 100 lbs. It was sold through Messrs. Booth & Hubbard. Premium $25.

The second premium hogshead shipping was grown by Mr. S. Abbott, of Pike county and purchased by Mr. Fife, at $9 55 per 100 lbs. It was sold through F. P. Chiles, Esq. Premium $25.—[Missouri Republican, July, 11.

PLOWING BY STEAM.

The latest English invention we have heard of is propelling a plow by steam. Lord Willoughby d'Eresby has invented a method of substituting steam power for horses. The machinery employed consists of a locomotive engine weighing 34 tons and of 26 horse power. It has a double capstan attached, removable if the engine is required for other purposes. The engine moves across the centre of the field on a light portable railway the plows advance and recede on either side of the railway at right angles to it. The plows emplowed consists of four ordinary, and the like number of sub-soil plows. It is directed by a person standing on a platform.

Two such plows on either side of the railway, alternately advance and recede; the advancing plow working, the other idle until it regains its proper position for plowing the next four furrows. On the completion of the four furrows they advance each three feet.

The plows are attached to an endless chain, 150 yards in length. They can be detached at pleasure, or shifted from one side to the other. they travel at the rate of five miles an hour. Provision is made, in case they strike against any impediment. There is also a provision on the carriage for tightening the chains at the fences, by which the length may be varied forty feet, to suit irregular shaped fields. If any further alteration is necessary, the chain is made in thirty feet lengths, one of which can be added, or taken out as required. The full power of the engine is not exerted with the plows above described; and the number of blades can therefore be increased, if experience proves it to be adviseable. A machine of of the power with the arrangements described would perform the work usually done by 16 plows driven by as many men and drawn by 32 horses. Requiring itself the attendance of 8 men and a horse to draw the water for the engine, it would thus save the labor of 31 horses and 8 men. Agaist this must be set an expense of five shillings a day for coals, as well as 10 per cent upon the value of the machinery, say three shillings a day, upon the original cost of £450 to £500. This latter item however, would be fully compensated by the saving in the interest of capital now laid out on horses.—[American Miller.

St. Charles Indian Bread.—Receipt for making the celebrated St. Charles Indian bread as prepared at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans:

Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, and one pint of fine Indian meal, melt one table-spoonful of soda, or saleratus, &c., in a small portion of the milk and add to the mixture the last thing, beat very hard and bake in a pan in a quick oven.

The above receipt, was sent by a lady in South Carolina, to the lady of a neighbor of mine, in the upper end of our county. I have eaten of the bread, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the very *ne plus ultra* of indian bread.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

This department will be conducted by
Mrs. MARY ABBOTT.

Herewith we publish an article on the science of bread making, and we hope it may benefit and enlighten our readers. Also the recipe for making vinegar, which we think very good and worthy a trial. We thank the author and hope we shall receive more articles of interest from the same source.

For the Family Circle.

Mrs. Mary Abbott:—In your last, you inquired for recipes for making yeast which will keep well. I am unskilled in bread-making or yeast-preserving, but have strong faith in chemical affinities and reactions, and am persuaded that if the suggestions pointed out by this science be strictly followed, we will often arrive at useful facts by a shorter, if not more certain rout, than if trusting to the experience of the oldest housekeepers.

The very nature of yeast is such, that we would naturally expect it to spoil easily;—in fact, its useful property depends directly upon this facility of fermentation or decomposition. Yeast consists of the nitrogenous compounds of vegetable substances, in a state of partial decomposition. When dried and excluded from the air this decomposition may be arrested, but so soon as the necessary moisture, heat and air, are brought to act upon it, decomposition again commences.

You will see from this that in order to have a good yeast, you must have a substance, that will easily undergo decomposition, and in asking for a recipe that will destroy the tendency to spoil, you are in fact asking for one that will destroy the useful properties of your yeast.

If you wish a proof of these statements, the next time you prepare your yeast, add to it a quantity of Spts. Turpentine, which has the power of arresting this fermenting process and you will find that it will not make good bread. Its fermenting property has been destroyed and it has no longer the power of exciting in the starch contained in the flour, the necessary chemical action for its sucessful conversion into grape-sugar, Alcohol and Carbonic acid gas, and hence its inutility in the preparation of this "staff of life."

When you wish to bring into active play this fermenting process you bring to bear upon it the circumstances already mentioned as promoting decomposition, viz. heat and moisture, and hence you use in the preparation of your bread warm water, and set it near the fire, if in winter, or in the sun if in summer, during the process of "rising."

The indications then for preserving it will be exactly the opposite, viz. keep it dry and cool.

The Hop yeast familiar no doubt to many of your readers, is as good perhaps as any other. The bitter principle of the hops possess to a certain extent this preservative principle, yet not to such an extent, as to destroy the voluble property of fermentation. Make up your yeast in the common way, then make it into thin cakes dry it thoroughly in the sun, and put it away in a cool, dry place, and it will keep as long as good yeast should keep.

The chemical reactions concerned in the process of "bread rising," are beautiful and a short notice of the *rationale* of the process I hope will not be considered out of place in connection with this subject.

When flour is mixed with yeast a portion of its starch is converted into sugar, which is further changed into alcohol and carbonic acid gas,—the carbonic acid escaping into the air. These reactions are thus expressed.

One atom of starch (contained in flour) is composed of 12 parts Carbon, 10 parts Oxynen. This is the chemical formula for grape sugar, when dried, and you discover that it is formed from the starch, by the addition of Hydrogen and Oxygen which are but atoms of water, but the change does not stop here. The sugar now undergoes decomposition, and is broken up into two entirely different bodies, Alcohol and Carbonic acid gas, one atom of sugar yielding two of Alcohol and four of Carbonic acid.

This Carbonic acid rises through the mass of dough, and gives to it, its porous, light nature for which it is so much admired.

If your bread is put to bake, at this point, while the Alchoholic fermentation is going on, you have light, sweet bread, but if allowed to stand until this is checked by the starch of your flour becoming exhausted under the action of the yeast, or by the temperature being suffered to fall below the necessary standard, another chemi-reaction commences, by which the Alcohol already formed becomes oxydized, and converted into a cetic acid, or vinegar. The carbonic acid ceases to escape, your dough "falls," and when put to bake, you have a hard putty-like, sour substance that does not deserve the name of bread. You discover from these statements that chemis-

ty is intimately connected with the baking of bread,—that we have here the action of the substance (yeast) which has long puzzled the brains chemists and through its *catalytic* powers, chemical affinities brought into play, which result in the beautiful reactions in the conversion of starch into grape sugar, alcohol, carbonic acid, and finally into acetic acid. This last reaction is rather complex, and was for a long time unknown, but is now explained by the oxydation of alcohol, by which two parts of its Hydrogen are united with Oxygen and become water and their place supplied by two parts of Oxygen.

This process is not simple and direct, but an intermediate substance, is formed, Aldehyde, which undergoes oxydation and becomes acetic acid

This last reaction is taken advantage of by the manufactures of vinegar for commerce, and may also be brought to subserve the farmer in the preparation of vinegar for the table, by a very simple contrivance.

This consists of a barrel (whisky or cider) divided into three compartments. The partitions are perforated by a number of holes so as to let the liquid pass down, and a current of air up through the barrel. The middle compartment is filled with shavings of oak or beach (pine will not do they contain a resin) moistened with vinegar. Near the upper edge of the lower compartment are a number of holes to admit air.

Take one gallon of whiskey and seven of water, and pour them into the first compartment. The liquid will pass down into the second, where it will be spread out over the shavings, which only serve thus to present a large surface of the liquid to the action of the oxygen of the air, which enters at the holes below and passes freely through the shavings, and thus exposed the oxidation of the alcohol, contained in the whiskey goes on rapidly, and the double reaction as represented takes place, and the liquid now converted into vinegar is caught in the lower compartment from which it is drawn by a cock. If it is not sufficiently acidified it has only to be poured back and suffered to run again through your vinegar barrel. Thus you may have an abundant supply of vinegar at the cost of about 40 cents per 8 gallons. But I have followed these chemical reactions which come on in one connected train until I have strayed from my original design.

R. D. WEBB.

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THE VIRTUES OF SAGE.—This valuable herb was held in such high esteem among the ancients, that they have left us a verse, which signifies, "Why should a man die whilst he has sage in his garden?" It is reckoned admirable as a cordial, and to sweeten and cleanse the blood. It is good in nervous cases, and is given in fevers, with a view to promote prespiration. With the addition of a little lemon juice, it is very grateful and cooling; some choose to take it dry, alleging that the surface of the leaves of green sage abounds with animalcules, which are very visible through a microscope; and so there are in many articles of common food; but we may be assured, even if this is the case, that as they are nourished by sage, they are of no harm, and, at all events, a little hot water will destroy them.

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Those only are fit to govern others, who are able to govern themselves. A thorough knowledge of oneself leads directly to the knowledge of mankind at large,—for inward examination is the parent of outward observation. The last thing we ought to resign in life, is the right of thought—the first thing we ought to resist, is any attempt to enchain it, and acting thus, we may be assured that however "cabined, cribbed, confined" its energies for awhile may be, the light will break in upon us at last.

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THE SOLDIERS AND THE FLOWER BEDS.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

It was training day and the soldiers with their gay coats and plumes were parading on the village green. Drums were beating, colors were flying, and there was a general hastening to the scene of display.

"Halloo, James," said George Mason, as he happened to look over the fence, "what are you work to day for? Are you not going to the training?"

"Yes, by and by," said James.

"Why don't you go now? come I'll wait for you, if you will."

"I can't go now; you go on: I'll be there in an hour or two."

"I can't wait so long as that; so I'm off. I'm sorry if you have to work there all the forenoon when there is so much to be seen." At this moment the drums began to beat louder, and George set out upon a run.

Pretty soon a couple of men came along and saw James at work. They did not say anything to him but he overheard one of them say to the other, "I wonder if Montagu isn't rather strict with his boy. He ought not to make him work to day."

Ere long Mrs Averill came along: she was not going to training—she was walking in the opposite direction. She saw James and wondered why he was not with the other boys. She stopped and leaning on the fence observed he was putting four flower beds in admirable order. He worked very fast, so that the prespiration rolled down his face profusely. Once in a while he would pause for a moment, and standing upon tip'oe, strive to get a view of the distant soldiers. Mrs. Averill thought it possible that James had been doing something wrong, in consequence of which his father had set him at work, instead of allowing him to join his companions who were gathered round the drum. But he looked bright and happy and showed no signs of working from compulsion. At length she spoke to him.

"James, why are you so hard at work, while the other boys are enjoying themselves?"

"I'm doing it for little sister," looking up for a moment, and then resuming his work.

"I thought there was some special reason," said Mrs. Averill, "is your sister a good girl?"

"Yes ma'am, very," said James respectfully, yet in a tone which indicated some surprise that any one should think of asking such a question.

"She ought to be good, since she has so good a brother. Would you like to be with the boys on the green?"

"Yes ma'am very much." And he worked faster that he might get through with his task.

"I see you are in a hurry, and I will not hinder you. I have no doubt you will be all the happier for working for your little sister instead of joining your companions on the parade ground. I see you have almost finished the beds. You are going, I suppose when you get them done.

"Yes ma'am."

James little sister Eliza had been sick for a long time. She had but recently begun to recover. Within a few days she had become well enough to sit in the open air. On the morning of the muster day, several of her young friends sent her word that they were coming to spend the afternoon with her. She was desirous of sitting with them under the old elm, which stood in the corner of the garden close by her flower beds. She wished to have the beds nicely weeded before her visitors came, and she asked her father if he could spare his hired man long enough to do it. The hired man was obliged to put on his uniform, and shoulder his musket, and go to the muster, and his father was obliged to go out of town. It would seem therefore, that her garden must go unweeded. She was so weak in consequence of her long sickness, that she could not bear disappointment. She began to weep. At this moment James came into the room with his clean clothes on, and some money jingling in his pocket—all ready to go to the training.

"What is the matter with little sister?" said he going up to her kissing her.

"Nothing," said she, trying to smile.

"Sister does not often cry for nothing—something must be the matter with her?"

"She wants her garden weeded, and there is no one to do it," said Betsy, the hired girl.

"I'll do it for you to-morrow," said James, "don't cry."

"She is going to have company this afternoon and wants to have tea under the elm tree, and so she wants her flower beds to look nice," said Betsy.

"Oh that's it is it? Well, I suppose I must go and fix them for you."

"You want to go to muster: I hear the drums now," said Eliza.

"I rather guess I do; put poor sick sister, who has been shut up so long, must have her way. Here, Betsy, what have I done with my old clothes? Let me have them, and I'll put them on, and I'll fix the beds in two minutes."

He soon had his old clothes on, and was hard at work as we have seen; It took him nearer two hours than two minutes to put the beds in order; but they were by no means unhappy hours. When the beds were weeded he went into the house, and felt that the sweet smile on the pale cheek of his sister amply paid him for his self-denial and labor. He then exchanged his clothes again, and went to the scene of military operations. Though he was late on the ground, yet he had the opportunity of seeing and hearing quite as much as he desired. In fact, long before the troops were dismissed, he went home; thinking that he could enjoy himself more with his sister and her visitors. She may want me for something, said he to himself, 'as she is not well enough to wait upon the company herself.' His presence was very agreeable to the visitors, for he was always gentle and polite.

At night when he came to lie down upon his

pillow, he reviewed the events of the day. He had to thank God for a happy day. 'I think,' said he to himself, 'I have been happier to-day than any of the boys. They have been looking at the soldiers all day. They have had therefore only one source of pleasure: I have had three: first that of working for sister and making her happy, second, that of seeing the soldiers, and third of being with sister's visitors.'

Love—Human and Divine.—Love, is one of the brightest purest, and highest principles implanted in the heart of man. It teaches him to look forward to the "better land," where he may meet the departed,—the loved and cherished ones of earth. It bids his spirit soar to those realms of bliss, and commune with "the spirits of just made perfect." It joins man to his brother man, and causes him to sympathize in all his feelings; throughout the whole world its cheering and sanctifying influence is visible. It sheds its mild radiance over our pathway and throws its refulgent light around the hour of deepest sadness, and darkest disappointment. In vain does the world look coldly upon us, if we have one to whom we can turn in the day of sorrow,—one whose look will never wax or wane, and one whrse heart will never grow cold.

Deal gently with thy loved one, for she shall comfort thee in the hour of gloom; she shall cheer thee in the dark and stormy day of sorrow, console thee in the season of affliction, and when all around thy path is drear, her love shall shine like the beacon on the lone height, that sheds its calm and placid light, over the trembling billows of the ocean, and guides the storm-tossed mariner to the port of peace and safety.

But there is a higher, nobler love than that of earth, there is a Being who bends over us from heaven, and whispers in sweeter accents than those of mortals. There is an eye that never sleeps,—an ear that never tires; a hand that is never withdrawn. There is one who sees our sorrow, who hears our sighing, and is ever ready to help. The fire of His love burns the brighest beneath the tempest of affiiction, the cords of His affection are drawn the more closely around the heart amid the dark and blighting storms of sorrow. Earthly friends may deceive,—earthly hopes may vaninsh,—earthly pleasures may depart, bnt this love shall ever stand. Let us then seek to secure this friendship, let us strive to obtain this love, and amid all the griefs and woes of this troubled world, the sunshine of joy and happiness, shall ever rest upon us.—[Moore's Rural New Yorker.

THE PRIDE OF PROPERTY.

There is a species of pride existing in the human family, which tends greatly to deprave and pervert the noble promtings of the heart—which turns from the proper source of all those kindly sentiments we should feel for one another, rendering us selfish cold hearted beings. This is denominated Pride of Wealth—that vain and foolish love of show to which all other feelings must subserve. In the eyes of many people, wealth is the all absorbing interest of life, the great end for which we are created, and mind, soul, and life, are all devoted to its accumulation, and to such an extent does this sentiment prevade community, that even in this land, the person who cannot point to broad extended fields, or overflowing coffers, and call them his, is looked down upon by his wealthier brother, as of an inferior order of being.

There are those that are rich in the wealth of the soul—whose hearts are overflowing with the poetry of the true and beautiful, possessing minds that soar far above the mere gratification of the senses, and yet they are passed coldly by, and the place that should be filled by them are occupied by those whose gilded trappings that deck their persons, or the glittering coin that fills their purses, no matter how wrongfully obtained—there they stand in their shining power and all must owe allegiance.

But the noble, the gifted, one, Heaven help him to struggle on amid the cold looks and bitter taunts which beset his every path, because forsooth, he is poor.

How long must this state of things exist? Would it not be well in these days or reformation and revolution to attempt to reform this great evil, to spread broad the banner of equality, and with the names of the good and wise inscribed upon the roll, march boldly to the field and proclaim to the world we are a free people, and not entrammeled or ruled by any law, of fashion, wealth, or hereditary distinction?—[Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A New Variety of the Sweet Potato.—The following interesting account of a new variety of the sweet potato is copied from a letter addressed to L. Young, Esq., of the vicinity of Louisville, by a gentleman residing in the Southern part of the State of Alabama.

Several gentleman in the neighborhood of Louisville have made experiments with the red yam, which prove very conclusively that any variety keeping throughout the winter, will give this crop considerable importance as an article of commerce.

We have lately received a most valuable addition to our varieties of the sweet potatoe, supposed from Peru. It is altogether different and equally superior to any variety of this root hitherto known. It is productive, and attains a prodigious size, even upon the poorest sandy land, and the roots remain without change, from the time of taking them out of the ground until the following May. The plant is singularly easy of cultivation, growing equally well from the slip or the vine, the top or vine of the full-grown plant being remarkably small; the inside is as white as snow. It is dry and mealy, the saccharine principle contained resembles in delicacy of flavor fine virgin honey."

COMMERCIAL.

Aug. 13.

Receipts continuing light, we have still a limited business to report in every department of the general market, with a few slight changes in some of the principal articles. Tobacco meets with ready sale, and we note a further improvement in the finer qualities. Hemp has been rather quiet, with a fair business, considering the limited quantity arriving; sales ranging from $80 to $93, as in quality. Lead is lower, say for Galena $4 27 1-2, at which 1,000 pigs sold to day. There is rather more enquiry for Flour on coast orders, but we note little or no improvement in the shipping demand. Good country superfine selling at $3 75a$3 85, and second city brand at $3 80a$3 90; extra city $4 50. Wheat is in good demand, but unchanged in price, choice samples selling to day at 81a 83c. Pure lots of Corn are in some request, but the market is, and has been quite bare of this description, while damaged and inferior is abundant, and as heretofore reported, say from 20 to 30c; pure yellow, in new gunnies, may be quoted at 38a40c; white at 39a41. Oats sell at 25a26c. Barley at 30 to 50c, as in quality.

Groceries.—Quiet with the exception of coffee, which has sold moderately at 9 1-4a9 1-2c, chiefly a 9 3-8c. Molasses without demand, and the business of the past week confined to retail parcels—plantation 30a32c; La., sugar house 36 to 40c, and a few small sales of extra brands at 41a43. Small sales of G. A. salt at $1 50.

Intelligencer.

THE VALLEY FARMER,

Terms.

The Valley Farmer is published on the first of each month, and will hereafter contain thirty-six large octave pages, and will be offered at the following

Reduced Rates:

Single copy, one year,		$1 00
Four copies,	"	3 00
Seven "	"	5 00
Fifteen "	"	10 00

☞Payments, in all cases, must be made in advance. Remittances may be made by mail at our risk.

☞Postmasters and Country Merchants are authorized to act as Agents, and every friend of the enterprise is respectfully requested to aid in extending its circulation, by inducing his neighbors to subscribe to clubs.

☞Advertisements will be inserted in the advertising sheet, which forms a cover for each number, at reasonable rates.

CONTENTS OF NO. 8, VOL. III.